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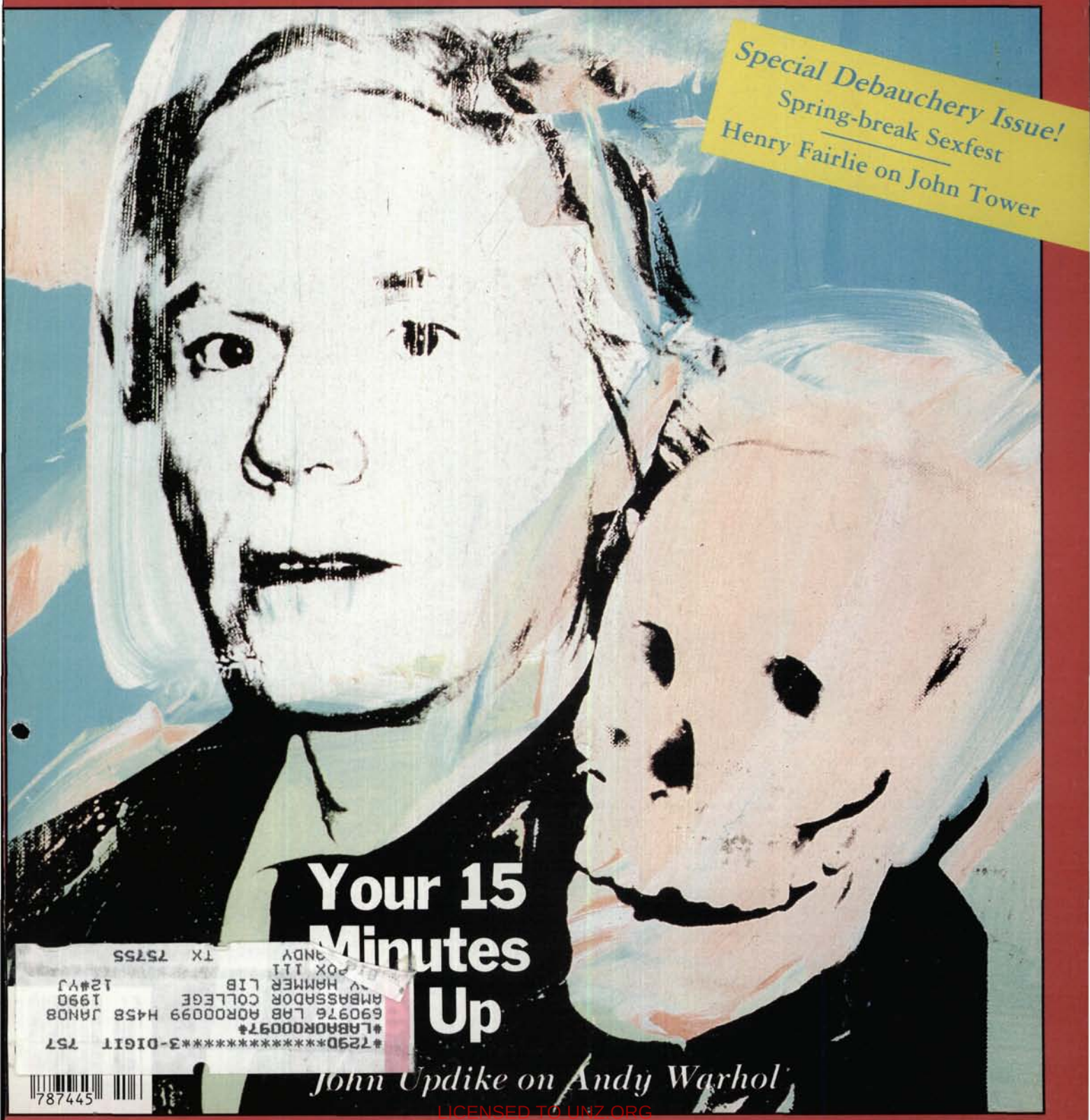

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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MARCH 27, 1989

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COVER: *Self-Portrait with Skull* (1978) by Andy Warhol. Photo by Paul Hester. © 1989 The Museum of Modern Art. Article on page 26.

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TRB®
FROM WASHINGTON

Tower Play

On the day before the full Senate took up the matter of John Tower's fitness to be secretary of defense, the nominee got up in front of a ballroom full of lunching reporters at the National Press Club to give a speech.

Owing to a clerical error, I happened to be seated directly in front of the podium. From this vantage point, about six feet from the nominee, I was able to study him at leisure—especially the top half of his head, the only part that was continuously visible behind an imposing lectern. (Despite the name, Tower doesn't.) Occasionally, when he would lean to one side or go up on tiptoe to stress a phrase, I would catch a glimpse of the rest of his head, along with a flash of pin-striped English worsted, fine custom-made shirting, and silk tie.

John Tower has unnaturally black hair that lies against his boxy head in oiled strands that alternate with narrow strips of scalp. His ears are large and pointed, his mouth pinched, his eyes tiny and reddish under invisible brows. The flesh of his face is splotchy and suety. One could call his eyes "cruel" and his mouth "ungenerous," but that would be to fall into the pathetic fallacy. Oh, what the hell, let's fall the whole way: he looks like a mean, crafty imp. All that's lacking are the cloven hooves.

I dwell upon the physical details because the debate on Tower has been so very . . . *carnal*. It has become impossible to look at this ex-senator without picturing him in congress. The man can't take a sip of water without one's imagination transforming the glass into a square, amber bottle with three x's on the label.

As the phrases of the prepared speech—"comprehensive review . . . strategic design . . . force posture"—floated over the fidgeting audience in Tower's rich announcer's voice, cards with questions scribbled on them were passed to the front. These, when read out, reflected the real concerns at the forefront of every mind. How can we believe your pledge to quit drinking? You say you've never broken a pledge—how about wedding vows? How come your old colleagues don't seem to like you?

The debate on the floor of the Senate began the next day. It is reaching its climax as I write, with Warren Rudman thunderingly deconstructing the Armed Services Committee's anti-Tower majority report, the Southern Democrats holding firm behind Sam Nunn, and Fritz ("You want 'em drunk and criminal—just drunk's enough for me") Hollings locked in bitter combat with Bob ("alcoholic abuse—isn't that a vicious personal attack?") Dole. Passion has boiled off the Senate's usual oleaginous coating of courtesy. What a show! For the moment, George Bush's Washington is no longer dull.

The show will probably have closed by the time this is read, almost certainly with Tower having been defeated. For what it's worth, I ended up rooting for him, in a mild way. It's not that I have any doubt that he is a lush, a lecher, and a sleaze. Plainly he is all three. But what, when all is said and done, of it?

Senator Nunn made his strongest case on the booze front, arguing from the record that military crises have a way of breaking out during prime drinking time, often on a Saturday night. But Nunn, an observant Methodist, may be unaware that experienced drinkers know how to sober up fast when they need to.

As a senator, Tower was not reckoned to be among that august body's notorious drunks, and it surely counts for something that no one was able to point to a single instance when his tippling interfered with the performance of his official duties. Far from being useless after happy hour, he was known for his ability to outlast everybody else in late-night negotiating sessions.

During one of the many mock operatic moments of the debate, Senator Phil Gramm recounted Winston Churchill's bibacious exploits, paused dramatically, and intoned, "Was *he* unfit? *Ask—Hitler's—ghost.*" This isn't as absurd as it sounds. Brandy didn't make Churchill a great leader any more than heroin made Charlie Parker a great musician, but neither of them was impeded from greatness by his chosen vice; and Tower probably wouldn't be impeded from mediocrity.

Tower's real problem seemed to be insufficient contrition. Nunn complained that Tower had not "acknowledged and dealt with this [drinking] problem" in the

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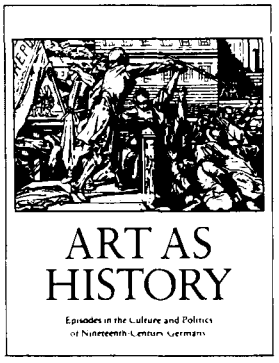

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CORRESPONDENCE

Birth Rights

To the editors:

Mary Ann Glendon ("A World Without *Roe*," February 20) would subject the lives and bodies of women to political compromise and popular whim. The suggestion that state legislative processes would naturally result in an accommodation to abortion under select circumstances is preposterous. No doubt some states would retain legal abortion. But others have expressed their hostility to women and choice by repeatedly enacting unconstitutional laws since *Roe* was decided in 1973. Glendon's dream that the law of Utah, or indeed of Louisiana, Illinois, or Pennsylvania, would evolve naturally into that of Sweden is a poor substitute for the guarantees of the Bill of Rights.

It is to the political process, which at one time denied women the rights to vote, to contract, to hold property, and even to work outside the home, that Glendon would entrust our bodies. The founders of this country did not trust their fundamental liberties to what she calls "the give and take of the legislative process." Two centuries have proved the wisdom of this choice. Notwithstanding Glendon's plea, the majority of Americans today remain unprepared to place their rights up for auction at the nearest statehouse door.

RACHEL PINE
American Civil Liberties Union
New York, New York

To the editors:

Using an argument that we used to hear frequently in this part of the country, Mary Ann Glendon maintains that such emotionally charged issues as abortion be left to "the hurly-burly of the state legislative process," and reassures us that our legislators are likely to allow early abortions in situations in which hardship or any threat to "expansive notions of maternal health" can be demonstrated. What does all this mean in the real America of social class, regionalism, and a declining standard of living? In those states that are as liberal as Glendon imagines, a bureaucratic maze of hearings, boards, and judges will settle questions of hardship and maternal health. This will cause no great difficulty to most women from households that subscribe to THE NEW REPUBLIC. But elsewhere in the world without *Roe*, 19-year-old waitresses who do not have money for plane fare or a lawyer will be left only with more grisly options.

DAVID LOWE
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Consuming Interest

To the editors:

James S. Henry and Marshall Pomer ("The 1 Percent Solution," February 6) seem to have discovered the philosopher's stone that can allow tax policy to be "both redistributional *and* pro-growth." Tax consumption, they say, but only on the part of the (ugh!) rich, and we won't even have to decide whether "Volvos and brandy" are luxuries. Yes, the suggested special tax on consumption, up to 33 percent, would change savings behavior. It would also change *earning* behavior; the rich would produce and earn less. If a wealthy individual values the return from consumption greater than that from investment, and consumption is singled out for a confiscatory tax, then ipso facto the marginal incentive to produce must be diminished somewhat. Pro-growth?

TONY MOATS
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

James S. Henry and Marshall Pomer reply:

Over half the income of the rich derives from unearned sources—interest dividends, capital gains. There is no evidence that their labor earnings are very much affected by taxation.

Mold Wine

To the editors:

Sven Birkerts is quite wrong in his understanding of the term "Noble Rot" ("Chekhov in Chicago," February 20). It has nothing to do with the soil or cultivation of grapes. Rather it is a mold, *Botrytis cinerea*, which attacks ripe grapes, draining them of water and concentrating the flavors. These dry, ugly, rotten grapes are used to make the finest and most expensive sweet wines in the world, Sauternes and Trockenbeerenausleses. Knowledge of this fact may add another level of significance to Richard Stern's choice of the term as his title.

HARVEY S. FREY
Santa Monica, California

Foul Shot

To the editors:

Why ruin the editorial on the NCAA's Proposition 42 with a snide swipe at

continued on page 42

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—*SAM NUNN, United States Senator

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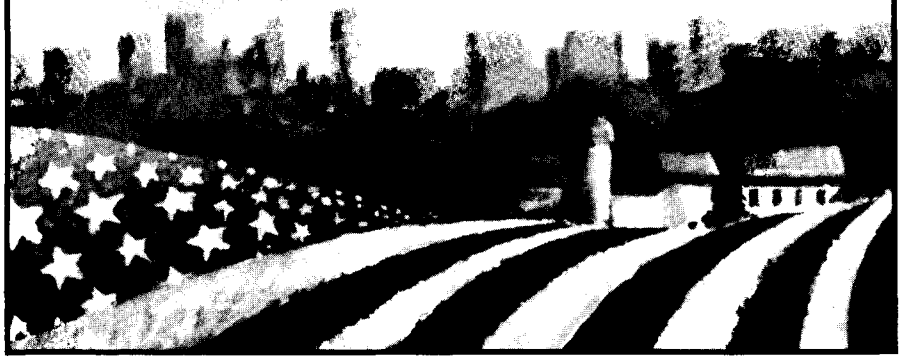

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
MARCH 27, 1989

BRING BACK BIG SPENDING

What might be called the Kinder, Gentler Trap is now closing on the Democrats. Here's how it works: President Bush submits a budget, and with a catch in his throat explains how kind and gentle it is. Congressional Democrats are wary. Sure enough, when they examine the budget closely they notice (for example) that Supplemental Security Income, the basic program for poor people who are elderly, blind, or disabled, gets a billion dollars *less* under Bush than had been requested in the Reagan budget. And the Bush budget, it turns out, also proposes cutting the funds that would pay for the job training and day care envisioned in last year's welfare reform legislation. As for the Head Start program—ritually cited by Bush as the paradigm of kindness and gentleness—the president requests a mere $250 million increase, which will leave the program still reaching only about a fifth of those eligible for it.

In this circumstance, Democrats know instinctively what to do: make the president back up his adjectives with money. Bush invites this strategy by "confessing" that "there are many areas in which we would all like to spend more than I propose." Mario Cuomo took the bait in January, lauding Bush's rhetoric and urging congressional Democrats to call on the president to "[join] us in a real way with resources." House Speaker Jim Wright obliged, declaring after Bush's budget speech that "we in the Congress are eager to help him attain the goals he has expressed of wider access for all Americans to Head Start services, to safe and wholesome day care," etc. Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell sounded the same theme. There is even a creepy television commercial, made by the liberal lobbying group People for the American Way, featuring an alienated leather-clad kid who tells the president, "We loved what you said—and we're gonna hold you to it."

But Democrats will be making a big mistake if "holding him to it" becomes their legislative strategy. For starters, it's not entirely clear that kind, gentle initiatives are what the country needs. One goal of enlightened welfare reform, for example, is to push welfare mothers into the labor force. Does that call for being kinder or for being tougher? Affordable health care, similarly, may require curtailing patient choices, rationing certain expensive procedures, and cracking down on doctors.

By spending their precious sound bites decrying the gap between Bush's agenda and his budget, Democrats risk adopting that agenda as their own. The temptation is all the greater because the Bush agenda consists of the sort of inexpensive, heartwarming incremental reforms long emphasized by congressional Democrats themselves. In this sense, the Reagan era made it easy to be a liberal politician: you introduced a bill restoring Reagan's cuts in Head Start or Meals on Wheels. Then you put out a press release.

But inexpensive, incremental reforms are wholly inadequate to solving the nation's problems. Take everybody's favorite, Head Start. Head Start offers preschool education to disadvantaged children. Every dollar spent on the program returns seven dollars in social benefits, says Representative George Miller. And studies do demonstrate some benefits—up to a point. The study most frequently cited compares poor, black children enrolled in the Perry Preschool Program in Ypsilanti, Michigan—a program far more elaborate and expensive than Head Start—with a control group of kids who didn't get any preschool training. Unlike the control group, the preschool graduates didn't finish in the bottom three percent on national achievement tests at age 14; they finished in the bottom eight percent. Nor did 40 percent of the preschoolers flunk a year of school, like the controls; 35 percent flunked. By adulthood, there weren't 22 serious criminals for every 100 kids—only 19. And by age 19 the Perry graduates didn't have the control group's 56 percent rate of welfare receipt. But they did have a 45 percent rate.

You get the picture. Preschool education can make a measurable difference. We should certainly spend more on it. But does anyone really believe that if the Democrats shamed Bush into "fully funding" Head Start, it would overcome the multiple pathologies of the underclass? The program is a perfect example of a sensible, incremental non-solution: it passes the test of cost efficiency, but it fails the test of sufficiency. A president who promotes Head Start as his main weapon against poverty isn't serious about end-

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ing poverty. And neither are the Democrats if they devote themselves to holding Bush to his word.

The same can be said for the other relatively inexpensive, incremental programs the Democrats plan to keep Bush honest about: the Women, Infants, and Children (WIC) nutrition program, child immunization, drug education, day-care subsidies, money for public housing and homeless shelters. They're all good programs. But such modest initiatives have no hope of addressing what liberals used to call the "underlying causes" of social problems. That's one reason the domestic policy debate in Washington looms so small. If the stereotypical battle of the Reagan era was whether to slash Medicaid spending or preserve it, the comparably sterile Bush-era debate will be whether to extend Medicaid to cover pregnant women up to 135 percent of the poverty line (Bush) or up to 185 percent (congressional Democrats).

Instead of being suckered into Bush's incrementalism, Democrats should regain their ambition. They need to rediscover the virtues of big thinking, and—yes—big spending. That's difficult to do in the budgetary straits bequeathed by Reagan; any major spending initiatives are sure to be derided by Republicans as a prescription for new taxes (which should be prescribed in any case). But the deficit doesn't rule out ambitious programs, nor does it require them to be linked to tax hikes. It just means that to be big spenders Democrats have to be big cutters. For example, Robert Kuttner, TNR's economics correspondent, has suggested financing job retraining by "redirecting" unemployment insurance money, which now goes to the unemployed with no strings attached. Not bad. But how about something a bit more dramatic? Here's a modest suggestion: save $50 billion to $60 billion a year by phasing out Social Security payments to the richest 40 percent of the elderly (they would still get back the amount they contributed to the system). Use the money to provide a minimum-wage public service job for any American over 18 who wants it. What would liberals rather do: send checks to affluent old people, or give jobs to poor unemployed people? The truth is that many of them would rather you didn't ask.

The example of a guaranteed job—an ancient liberal dream too ambitious for today's Democrats—illustrates some of the virtues of big spending. It's not just that big spending can do more than little spending. There is a qualitative, not merely quantitative, difference between creating enough jobs and training slots for approximately ten percent of the welfare population (which is what the 1988 welfare reform act envisions) and guaranteeing a job to every adult on welfare who wants one. The reason is that offering work—and day care if necessary—is the moral prerequisite for *requiring* work. Offer jobs to ten percent of welfare mothers and you can require work only from that ten percent (who may feel unfairly singled out). Offer work to 100 percent and you destroy the assumptions underlying the culture of poverty—that there are never enough jobs to go around, that therefore welfare mothers shouldn't really be blamed or shamed, that it's OK to be on the dole. Only a universal program takes away the excuses.

Big spending is also a sensible way to meet national health care needs. About 37 million Americans now go without any form of health insurance; there are a million more every year. The problem is currently being left for the states to tackle. The state of Washington, for example, is trying to subsidize health insurance for all its citizens. Unfortunately, this penalizes Washington, since the taxes required to pay for the system encourage people and businesses to move elsewhere. Universal health insurance can't be achieved piecemeal, state-by-state, any more than Social Security could have been established state-by-state in 1934. Only a national program offers full protection. (Similarly, social insurance is probably the best way to cover nursing and home care for elderly Americans—a needed big-spending initiative that will cost between $12 billion and $20 billion.)

Even when today's Democrats are willing to consider a national health care solution, they tend to advocate requiring employers to take care of the problem by offering health insurance to their workers. The main virtue of this "mandated benefits" approach (espoused by Ted Kennedy, among others) is that it avoids having the government directly pay the $22 billion to $55 billion price of the insurance—and lets Democrats avoid the big-spender label. But the price would still be paid by someone, mainly by the smaller employers who don't provide insurance now. They would pass some of the cost along to consumers, and some to their employees, who tend to be low-paid already; some workers would be laid off—and some prospective workers would never be hired in the first place. And "mandated benefits" would still leave the unemployed uncovered. A forthright big-spending approach would not only be fairer and more comprehensive; it might even be more efficient. Canada's national health system, financed directly by taxes, makes the government the dominant purchaser of medical care—and thus gives the government the leverage to hold costs down. Yet a Canada-style approach is almost unanimously dismissed by Democrats as a "non-starter."

Democrats with a modicum of political courage could find a number of big pots of money in the budget (even aside from the juicy target of Social Security) with which to fund big spending. For example, an arcane loophole in the tax code allows inherited property to completely escape capital gains taxation. Closing it would save $22 billion over five years. The home mortgage interest deduction benefits mainly the affluent, and loses the Treasury over $30 billion annually. Democrats could also turn their attention (finally) to cutting farm subsidies, which will amount to around $13 billion in 1989. Obviously, none of these cuts are easy, but they are apt to be easier if billed as a way to pay for new initiatives, and not as just another example of post-Reagan austerity. Finally, (just between us) there are taxes: a 50 cent gasoline tax would pull in $50 billion and encourage energy conservation to boot.

Even if big initiatives must be postponed to pay for the Reagan deficit, that doesn't mean Democrats have to stop talking about them. Democrats are still the party of active government, right? Can they no longer even envision government undertakings large enough actually to overcome the nation's problems? If Bush seems to have stolen the march on liberals by supporting a few cheap programs such as Head Start, that's only because Democrats have let a few cheap programs define what they mean by liberalism. •

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FALSE NOTE

"Music is music," proclaimed David Holmes, a Democratic state senator in Michigan. "Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-do. I learned that in school." With that lesson in mind, Holmes and his colleagues decided last month to withhold nearly $1.3 million in state aid for the Detroit Symphony Orchestra unless more black players were hired. Some legislators even threatened to boycott and picket performances. Faced with dwindling audiences and meager private funding, the orchestra agreed to waive its audition requirements and to induct a black bass player immediately. It also agreed that in the future it won't hold auditions for open positions unless black players are among the applicants.

The Detroit orchestra's auditions used to be "blind," with the playing taking place behind a screen to prevent discrimination and favoritism. What Michigan legislators seem to have in mind are auditions that are not blind but deaf—taking place without a screen but with earplugs. Affirmative action on the concert stage may please legislators, and many of their constituents, but its supposed beneficiaries wince. Richard Robinson, the bass player in question, has played with the orchestra as a substitute during the past year; he said after his hiring: "Somehow this devalues the audition and worth of every other player." Other outstanding black musicians—including the assistant conductor of the Chicago Symphony—have also objected to the new hiring procedure.

The argument offered for this sort of affirmative action consists largely of the simple observation that in Detroit, a city that is nearly 70 percent black, there was only one black musician in the 98-member orchestra. But if government pressure is to be applied, why stop with Detroit? Only one percent of 4,000 players in the nation's major orchestras are black. A third of the top 36 orchestras have no black players at all. Should there be a massive, forced infusion of black musicians into the concert halls?

Maybe so, if there were reason to believe that the underrepresentation of blacks is substantially due to racial discrimination in the hiring process. But this is almost certainly not the case—any more than the dominant presence of blacks in other styles of music is due to discrimination against whites. Rather, the disproportion is largely due to a profound cultural stratification, some of which goes beyond present economic and political issues. Different ethnic and racial groups generally have had distinct cultural interests intricately related to their histories. The idea that there must be a cross section of society in all artistic enterprises is offensive to the notion of variation even as it seeks to enforce it. And the deeper presumption underlying artistic affirmative action is even more disturbing: that only a member of a minority group can effectively speak to that minority. It is patronizing to assume that only black players can communicate to black audiences or that blacks will start attending orchestral concerts only if more blacks appeared on stage.

To be sure, it might help Detroit's many nearly doomed inner-city black teenagers if they had more role models in the orchestra, to supplement the ones playing for the Pistons, the Tigers, and the Lions. This is a worthwhile goal, but it can't be a decisive consideration in a case where the hiring process is demonstrably colorblind—and, further, where there is a pronounced shortage of black applicants in the first place.

The sad fact is that society cannot magically annul the consequences of the social pathologies that now afflict ever larger portions of the black population. Indeed, even outside the problematic hard core of that population, there is much in the culture of young blacks that militates against interest and participation in the high arts of the West. Their understandable concern with the cultural, economic, and political predicament in which they find themselves is reinforced to a point of excess by people—in their communities, in higher education—who advocate a turning away from Western culture, a destructive solipsism. One should not expect these young people, pressed from all sides as they are, to turn inward and outward at once. Despite the dramatic increase in the number of middle-class blacks, and the lowering of the hateful boundaries against them, there will not soon be many black classical musicians. And there may not be many black astrophysicists or computer engineers or art historians, either, for much the same reason: under present cultural circumstances, these are not the fields that engage them.

Achievement in the arts is hard won, an expression of will and talent and discipline beyond the reach of legislation. Education should make that achievement appreciable by many, presenting a democratic exposition of elite accomplishment. And it should help those who are gifted to realize their talents. If the Detroit public schools have failed in this regard, then their work is cut out for them. But affirmative action in the arts can leave even these goals sullied by implying that the arts are not intricate and grand and difficult, but must be plainly democratic in their practice as well as their exposition. Music can be many things to many people, but it should never become just another pork barrel.

"How do you get to Carnegie Hall?" asks a visitor to New York of an old Jew in an older Jewish joke. "Practice," he answers. The best role model for aspiring musicians is still a great musician.

NOTEBOOK

NATIONAL PRUNE DAY: Commemorative legislation has been a running gag on Capitol Hill for some time now, and it's beginning to wear thin. The number of bills devoted to creating observances like "National School Yearbook Week" and "National Prune Day" has risen from 34 five years ago to more than 258 in the 100th Congress—more than one-third of all

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legislation passed. What used to be an occasional gift for the folks back home (or for the lobbyists across the street) now consumes hours of work by congressional staffers (who, among other things, run around lining up 218 co-sponsors) for each bill. That's not to mention the $250,000 racked up in government printing costs for commemorative bills last year. Clearly it's time for commemorative legislation regulatory legislation. Republican Representative Claudine Schneider of Rhode Island and Democratic Representative Dave McCurdy of Oklahoma have introduced bills to set up a national panel that would evaluate suggestions and pass along to the president the worthy ones—like "Religious Freedom Week" or "National Teacher Appreciation Day." Well, that's one approach. But how about a bill with a bit more in the way of teeth? For starters, we could insist that the 219 sponsors of each commemorative bill participate in appropriate commemorations. When "National Dairy Goat Awareness Week" rolls around, we'd expect to see 219 of these underappreciated animals trailing their representatives through the Capitol's halls. "National Snow White Week" could provide the occasion for some cross-dressing on the Hill. Of course, if carried too far, this remedy is likely to present some problems of its own. We'd hate to be in town if "Elvis Day" happened to align with "National Catfish Day" in the middle of "National Jukebox Week."

WHOSE GOOD LIFE IS IT, ANYWAY?:

Capital makes Newsweek's top 10 cities for the good life

—*Sacramento Bee*, January 30

Evictions rising as more struggle to pay the rent

—same paper, same day

(thanks to Peggy Kraus Kennedy, Carmichael, California)

THE TIDES OF MARCH:

Deposits Have Drained From Thrifts
At a Near Record Pace in '89, Wall Says

—*Wall Street Journal*, March 2

Net Deposit Outflows Shrinking
1989's First 2 Months
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—*New York Times*, same day

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A Middle East settlement on layaway.

PEACE LATER

By Morton M. Kondracke

For more than 40 years, the Middle East has seemed like a maze in which every seeker of lasting peace, no matter how promising his pathway first looked, has ended up at a dead end. The Camp David trio of Anwar Sadat, Menachem Begin, and Jimmy Carter may be the only exception—and Sadat paid for his peacemaking with his life. Now James Baker, an untried traveler on unfamiliar terrain, is surveying the scene and being advised on how to proceed. Some of his guides—notably Deputy Secretary of State-designate Lawrence Eagleburger and State Department policy planning chief Dennis Ross—have been in the maze before and think that some new channels have opened up that may lead to peace. But there's reason to fear that Baker, too, is headed for frustration.

For starters, the administration has deepened Palestinian suspicions about its intentions. Like Israeli prime minister Yitzhak Shamir, it wants to encourage development of an alternative Palestinian leadership in the West Bank and Gaza, and then exploit differences between it and the Palestine Liberation Organization. And George Bush, Baker, and other administration officials have disparaged the idea of an independent Palestinian state, the Palestinians' paramount goal. Shamir, at U.S. urging, is said to be devising a new plan, to be discussed when he visits Washington in April, for elections in the West Bank and for limited Palestinian self-rule—but not sovereignty.

According to Walid Khalidi, a Palestinian scholar at Harvard University, "Shamir's search for an alternative Palestinian leadership fits with his attempt to deny Palestinian peoplehood, and it's a mirage. . . . Any peace arrangement that leads toward sovereignty is acceptable. If it does not move in that direction, it will not work." If Khalidi is right, then current U.S. thinking does seem to be headed toward another blank wall: the Israelis rule out sovereignty while the Palestinians demand it; the Palestinians (whether out of reverence or terror) insist that Yasir Arafat is their leader while the Israelis refuse to have anything to do with him.

But maybe there is a way out after all: a new approach that might be called "gates to the flag." The basic idea is that Israel would offer the Palestinians sovereignty over the occupied territories as the final step in a lengthy confidence-building process. That is, the Palestinians would have to pass through many gates—including a cease-fire in the *intifada*, a period of limited self-rule during which the Palestinians prove that they really mean to live at peace with Israel, plus establishment of

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guarantees of demilitarization—before they got their flag; but if they did those things, they would get it. The timetable and the number of gates would be subject to negotiation, preferably (at some point) direct negotiations between Israel and the PLO.

Yes, at first blush this plan does look worse than one headed for a dead end. It looks like it's dead to begin with, largely because of the Likud's bedrock refusal to consider Arab rule over "Judea and Samaria." As a result, "gates to the flag" may have to be not an announced U.S. plan for peace—that would look like an attempt to impose a settlement—but rather an unstated U.S. strategy for bringing about peace. The United States may have to guide the parties through several of the first gates without telling them exactly where they're going to end up.

This will require incredibly skillful—even devious—U.S. diplomacy, the kind usually associated with Henry Kissinger, who's often mentioned as a potential special Mideast negotiator. Two widely read 1988 studies on the future of Mideast peacemaking—one by the Washington Institute on Near East Policy drafted "with detailed input" from Dennis Ross and Richard Haass, now the National Security Council's Mideast coordinator, and the other co-written by Eagleburger for a group called American Agenda—actually recommended appointment of such an envoy. But apparently this is not now in the cards. Kissinger told me on the PBS show "American Interests" that "at the end of the day, the Mideast can be successfully negotiated only by somebody who is perceived to have the authority to make decisions that transcend the Middle East and can structure the rewards and penalties for not agreeing with us in a context larger than the Middle East. I do not think it would be good for the secretary of state to delegate that much authority to anybody." Moreover, Ross, who served in the NSC on Mideast issues under Reagan, apparently wants to plan Mideast strategy himself.

So if Baker, Bush, and Ross are going to do this job themselves, where are they headed? And are they up to it? Baker has no firsthand experience with Middle East issues except for helping set up the U.S.-Israel free trade zone and understanding the intricacies of the oil market and petrodollars. Bush still wants his friend, King Hussein, to be at the center of the action, even though the old "Jordanian option" (Palestinian participation in peace talks as part of a Jordanian delegation, and federation with Jordan as the vehicle for Palestinian self-determination) proved to be one of many past dead ends. Ross, though, has both experience and the trust of the Israelis, having been one of the forces behind the huge Reagan-era expansion of U.S.-Israeli strategic cooperation.

According to high-ranking administration officials, Ross and Baker think that a new environment does exist for peacemaking. The *intifada* has put the Israeli army squarely in the "peace camp" and has forced the PLO to catch up with its West Bank followers by taking new political initiatives—its Declaration of Independence in Algiers last year and its satisfaction of U.S. prerequisites for de facto recognition. Another new element is that Israel's once rock-solid support in Congress and among the U.S. population has been weakened by television coverage of *intifada* brutality and by Shamir's reputation for intransigence.

A *Washington Post* poll in February showed that for the first time, a majority of Americans (56 percent) regard Israel as "not a reliable ally." In Congress, though, there are not likely to be any cuts in aid for Israel this year despite Gramm-Rudman restrictions on foreign aid to other countries. Israel's friends in Congress think that next year, however, moves to cut aid might succeed if Shamir shows no willingness to negotiate. "If Israel doesn't get off dead-center," said one pro-Israel congressman, "its position will be placed in jeopardy."

The administration does not appear challenged or rushed by Soviet moves in the Mideast. Its stance toward Moscow—which Baker stated to Eduard Shevardnadze in Vienna recently—is: "we are willing to cooperate with you, but here's what it will take." If Gorbachev means what he says about "new political thinking," officials say, they want him to prove it by establishing formal diplomatic ties with Israel, persuading Syria to be more cooperative, and curbing the terrorist groups that it has supported. So far, administration officials say, the only positive thing Moscow has done is to hold talks with Israel's foreign minister. Soviet demands that Israel agree to an international peace conference prior to resumption of diplomatic ties, they say, is "movement backward."

The key obstacle to progress, according to administration officials, is "the Palestinian representation issue." "There are all kinds of contacts going on between Palestinians and Israelis," one official said, "but there is no authorized set of discussions." The administration thinks authorized talks ought to start between West Bank Palestinians and the Israelis—possibly after elections, but not necessarily—but a top official aboard Baker's plane told Thomas Friedman of the *New York Times* that some sort of direct talks eventually should be held with the PLO. The main task now, this official said, is for the PLO to convince the majority of Israelis that it is ready for peace. The way to do this, he said, is to stop killing Israelis and condemn those who do.

There is nothing inconsistent in Baker's beginning with a "gates to the flag" strategy for the Palestinians. Getting Arafat to stop raids into Israel from Lebanon could be a gate. Another gate would be an end to PLO statements to the Arabic press pledging to use the West Bank as a staging ground for liberation of all of Palestine. The PLO at some point also would have to renounce its Covenant, calling for Israel's destruction. Khalidi claims that the Algiers declaration "stood the Covenant on its head" by agreeing to partition of Palestine, but the PLO still has a long way to go to convince Israelis—not just Americans—that it means what it declares.

Before Israel gave up the West Bank, it would also want the Palestinians to agree to accept less than all territories occupied in 1967, especially Jerusalem; to highlight the provision in the Algiers declaration that an eventual confederation with Jordan was possible; and to agree to a period of some length during which Palestinians would have limited self-rule over their territory, gradually developing toward full self-rule.

To get the Palestinians on board for this, however, the

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administration will have to signal in some way that there is a flag—that is, sovereignty—at the end of this road, and that one gate will not simply open to another endlessly. Doing this without scaring Israel away will require consummate skill on Baker's part. He indicated in recent Senate hearings that he viewed an independent Palestinian state as "not a source of stability" in the Mideast, but he did not rule it out absolutely, as Bush seemed to do as a candidate and the Republican Party did in its 1988 platform. The United States has said that the Palestinians deserve a "homeland" and "self-determination." If Israelis have a home and self-rule in a state with a flag, why shouldn't the Palestinians? If they can prove they are ready they should have what the Israelis have, and the Bush administration should help them get it.

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

FOUR BORE YEARS

By Fred Barnes

President Bush and Democratic Senator John Breaux of Louisiana are good friends and tennis buddies. Just last July, between the Democratic and Republican conventions, Bush invited Breaux and his wife, Lois, to the vice president's mansion for an afternoon of barbecue and tennis. Pam Shriver, the tennis pro, showed up too. "You must be looking forward to the Republican convention next month," Shriver said to Breaux. No, he responded, "I'm the OP [other party]." She'd assumed he was a Republican since he got on so well with Bush. In the tennis match, Breaux and Shriver beat Bush and his son Marvin, 7-5, 7-6. Not a harsh word was spoken all afternoon.

On February 28, the morning after Bush returned from his trip to Asia, Breaux was invited to the Oval Office for a one-on-one session with Bush. They bantered. Bush groused that his cold had kept him from playing tennis. He said he'd love to come to the Hart Senate Office Building for a set or two. Then they turned to the real subject of the 20-minute meeting, John Tower. Bush argued that Tower's experience as a consultant to defense contractors was a plus. It broadened his knowledge. Breaux listened intently to the entire Bush spiel on Tower. There was no arm-twisting. No deals were offered. Breaux insists he wants a "conservative defense secretary who'll support a strong military" and that he likes Bush and wants him to succeed. But Breaux never wavered in his opposition to Tower as defense secretary. Bush, his friend, might as well have been talking to Sam Nunn, Tower's nemisis.

After 50 days in the White House, Bush has emerged as a caretaker president. That's not necessarily disastrous. Dwight Eisenhower was a caretaker for eight years (or seven and a half, starting with the armistice in Korea). He tended the shop and was a successful president. But being a caretaker means you lack one thing that matters enormously in Washington: clout with politicians and the press. No one fears Bush. In the Tower fight, Democrats never worried that Bush would take retribution. They figured the political hardball Bush played in the campaign last year was an aberration, and they were right. He won't play rough now, with Democrats in control of the Senate and House. His pitch on Tower was straight goo-goo. His appeal to senators was, as he told the Small Business Legislative Council on March 1, "remember fair play, remember decency and honor, and then remember also historically the concept of advise and consent where reasonable doubt is given historically to the president." Even his pal Breaux wasn't persuaded by this.

Bush's presidency is like the last year of Ronald Reagan's, not the first. Bush is popular but not powerful. The first ABC News/*Washington Post* poll put his approval rating at 76 percent, higher than Reagan ever got. And Bush isn't the butt of political jokes anymore. Vice President Dan Quayle is. Johnny Carson said Bush was "having a good time" on his trip to Japan: "I understand he actually stopped the funeral procession and jumped out of his car to buy a Nintendo game for Dan Quayle."

People like Bush. He's warm, friendly, and sometimes funny. He's become adept at self-effacing humor. Bush told the Alfalfa Club on January 28 that he picked John Sununu as his chief of staff because his name rhymes with "deep doo-doo." After inspecting exhibits by winners of the Westinghouse science talent search on March 3, Bush said he'd "done a lot in the field of the viability of MVM Parvo Virus. And then at night I like to curl up with a book on mapping mutants. And every once in a while, when I have some spare time, Barbara and I read aloud about the behavior of the inhibitions of sialidases."

Without an agenda to tend to or a crisis at hand, the White House is hard-pressed to breathe significance into Bush's utterances. Press Secretary Marlin Fitzwater does his best. Bush's speech to the Veterans of Foreign Wars on March 6 was aimed at enlisting their support in the battle against drug abuse, Fitzwater said. "It's important that the president lay out an agenda on fighting drugs, and this is an opportunity to do that." What Bush actually did was comply with the designated theme for the week, "drug-free America." He didn't promulgate an agenda on drugs, and couldn't. His drug czar, William Bennett, wasn't confirmed by the Senate at the time. (Bennett, by law, has 180 days from confirmation to come up with an anti-drug strategy.)

Bush's drug remarks were a late insertion in the VFW speech, which was mainly about national security policy. The segue into drugs was awkward. "Before I close, I want to focus for a moment on a threat no less real than the adversaries you have battled," he said. "And I'm speaking about not a military threat. I'm speaking about the insidious threat to our society and our values, drug abuse." Bush's effort to recruit the VFW against drugs was hollow. There's no specific plan for using them. Bush's speechwriters turned to Winston Churchill to inflate the drug war further. The text that circulated at

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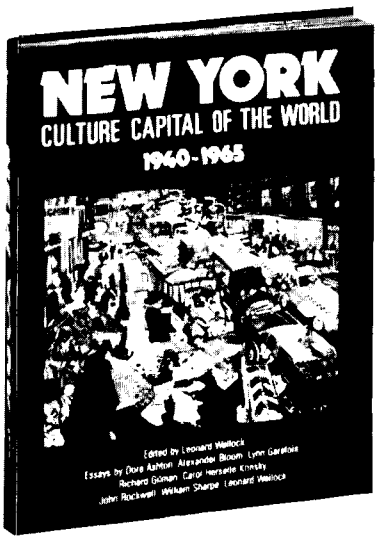

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the White House of a speech on March 10 put these words in the president's mouth: "We shall fight the drug lords on the beaches and the streets, we shall fight them in the schools, we shall interdict them in the skies and on the high seas. We shall never surrender, not until the last pusher is put behind bars and the last playground is free of drugs."

Sorry, but you can't sell Bush as a crusader. That's not his style. Besides, there's no need for a crusading president now, or a full-time crisis manager. After better than two decades of hysteria—the war in Vietnam, Watergate, the Tehran hostage crisis, the Reagan revolution (including the Reagan recession of 1981-82), Iranamok—things have died down. There's a reasonable amount of peace and prosperity. Relations with the Soviet Union are going swimmingly. Problems exist, of course. But a caretaker president just dishes them out to his subordinates to remedy. That's what Bush has done. The deficit was assigned to budget director Richard Darman, the savings and loan bailout to Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady, the Eastern strike to Transportation Secretary Sam Skinner.

The trouble with being a caretaker is that the press wants more from the president than that, an expectation that makes Bush look even weaker than he is. Unless the White House gives reporters a big story to cover, they'll concentrate on the glitches. At his press conference on March 7, Bush got five questions about, as one reporter put it, "hitting the ground crawling." Earlier, Eric Engberg of CBS-TV summarized Bush's first month as "a wasted honeymoon" in which jobs weren't filled, the Tower nomination faltered, and Secretary of State James Baker III toured Europe as the *contras* were being jettisoned in Central America. Coverage of Bush's visit to China zeroed in on the botched bid to have a dissident to dinner, not Bush's powwow with Deng Xiaoping. David Gergen, writing in the *Washington Post* on March 5, spotted so many snafus and shortcomings that he concluded that Bush "stands perilously on the edge of a cliff." Gergen exaggerated, but that's my point.

Quayle, among others at the White House, frets about the effect of the defeat of Tower coupled with mushiness on other issues. Momentum may be lost. Worse, Congress may come to think it can dominate Bush. Democrats may push through parental leave, mandated benefits such as health insurance, hazardous waste notification, etc. "There are a ton of these liberal proposals backed up in the pipeline," says a White House official. "You've got to show some strength or you'll never get anything of your own going in Congress." Quayle argued against a specific administration proposal for a new minimum wage, saying it would only encourage Congress to increase the amount. Michael Boskin, Bush's economic adviser, sided with Quayle. But Labor Secretary Elizabeth Dole prevailed. On March 3 she proposed a boost in the minimum from $3.35 to $4.25 an hour over three years, with a lower, "training" wage for workers in their first six months. The concession to Quayle was a vow that Bush would veto anything higher than $4.25. Would he really? That's another story.

Bush's tactic of avoiding sharply partisan rhetoric may pay off in the long run. It may allow him to forge a compromise budget with Democrats that trims the deficit without raising taxes. In the Tower fight, there's nothing to be gained by being personal or partisan or by "questioning Sam Nunn's motives," says a Bush aide. But in the short run, the tactic makes Bush seem hesitant. On February 28 a dozen conservatives gathered in the Roosevelt Room to plot Tower strategy with Sununu. They included David Keene of the American Conservative Union, Tom Winter of Human Events, and Phil Truluck of the Heritage Foundation. Bush dropped by for 20 minutes. Keene told Bush, "You've got to change the terms of the debate." Nunn's coming off as a statesman, Keene said, and the only issue is Tower's personal habits. Bush agreed. But in a speech the next day, he didn't mention Nunn at all.

A *MODEST PROPOSAL*

for Cleansing our Publick Life of Impurities and Transgressions

(with Apologies to Dean Swift)

By Henry Fairlie

It is a melancholly Object to those, who walk through this great Town, when they see the Men who have been brought forward to be Secretaries, abase themselves in Publick, to *take the Pledge*, and forswear *Fornication*, and *Fondling*, when it is in their Lives that they should have set Examples of *Godliness* to us, as *we know our Senators to do*. For these *have become Nunns*, as they give us Witness in the Inquisitions of their Committees, by a Conversion so general, that I can think of no Parallel, since *a Chinese General baptized his Army with a Hose*.

I think it is agreed by all Parties, that our Children should be able to watch the *Network News*, which is our *Vespers*, and see one upright publick Official, who is not a *Leaning Tower of Tipple*, or a *Fondler*. It has not escaped my Observation, while I have been in this Town, that the *Transgressions of Nominees*, while they were Senators, were not exposed by their Colleagues. They were *held up for our Esteem*, to give *Commencement Addresses* to our Children, so that they will not fall into the Habits of *Fondling*, and *Intemperance*. But our Senators, *taking the Veil on C-Span*, discover the Sins of their former Colleagues *to be no longer Motes*, and *mortal to their Nominations*.

I have already computed, that as *the Appetite for these Inquisitions grows*, the charge on the Publick Treasury, *in this Year*, will exceed *the budget for our Defense*, and so defeat *the Object of the Senate*. In *this deplorable State of our Politicks*, I do therefore humbly offer a Cure, for *publick*

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Consideration, which I have weighed maturely against *the Schemes of other Projectors*. I propose that we *select our Publick Servants* in the Manner found useful by the Universal Empires of the Past, which can be shown by *Researchers*, to have been *certain in its results*, and *less costly than our Inquisitions*.

Since the Object of the Nunns, is to select Secretaries, and Heads of other Agencies, with *no Inclination to Fondle*, we should adopt *a System of Eunuch Rule*. This Proposal, which I foresee will be lyable to no Objection, can be introduced without Amendment to the Constitution. The President *by simple Announcement*, would nominate Secretaries only from a *Federal Reserve, or Pool, or Farm, of Eunuchs*. The Investigations of the Senate, as to *the Qualifications of the Candidate*, would be limited to a Single Inquiry, in which *the Evidence would not be in Dispute*. It would be supplied by *the Surgeon-General*, who is trusted in all *Matters pertaining to Cleanliness and Godliness*, being above Suspicion of *Intemperance*, or *Fondling*, and is used to *Labelling*, at no additional charge on the Treasury.

The Senate would annually appropriate the Funds, needed for *the Mutilation of the Young Men*, who are selected to be *Recruits* to the Federal Pool of Eunuchs. These would be chosen, according to the Practice, which was *universal in the Empires*, from the *Poor*, so that they would have no title to their Positions but in *the Favor of the Senate*. It would therefore be beneficial in reducing the Pool of *Unemployed Young Males*, and the *Mutilation*, which would commend itself to the Nunns, lead to *a Kinder, Gentler Nation*.

The advantage of this System, as my *Researchers* have confirmed, is that it would eliminate *Fondling*, which was the Intention of the Rulers of the Empires. Though they may not have touched most of *the Inhabitants of their Harems*, even the most *delectable*, which a Secretary might desire, these were still to *be kept as their Monopolies*, and not *distracted by other Males*. It was for this Purpose, as the Nunns also wish, and so I call it to their Attention, that *Young Men were tamed by Emasculation*, as we do with *Domestic Animals*, which are spayed every day in America, with no *Burnings of the Clinics by the Advocates of Animal Rights*.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

When the Eunuchs were admitted to the centre of the Royal Household, *as they would today be nominated*, to care for the Harem, and even rise to be *powerful Secretaries in the Administration of the Empire*, they were not tempted to *Fondle*, even when *they travelled abroad on an Embassy to Geneva*, and found themselves among *the Harems of other Emperors, who might be Spies*. My Proposal will remove the temptation to *Fondle*, without incurring the *Costs and Recriminations* of the Inquisitions by *the Hill, or Antheap, of Nunns*, into which our Senate has been *marvelously transformed*, to the greater *Glory of God*, and the *Security of the Realm*.

My *Researchers* have found no Evidence that the Eunuchs were tempted to *Intemperance*, by their lack of desire to *Fondle*, whether in the *Courts of the Pharaohs*, the *Assyrian Kings*, or later the *Achaemenid Persian Empire*, and the noble *Xerxes*, with his powerful *Chamberlain*, who was a Eunuch, or *Rome from the days of Claudius and Nero*, or the *Eastern Empire of Byzantium*, where Eunuchs were even leading Generals and Admirals, or the *Ottoman Empire*, and *Suleiman the Magnificent*; or the *Mogul Emperors*, or even *China* from the eighth Century, B.C. But *Intemperance* has become a Cause of Concern to our Senate, and since it may be found even in the Federal Reserve (of Eunuchs), my Proposal addresses this Matter, with the same Modestie.

It is fortunate for our Realm, that when our Senate might feel isolated, in *their new Avocation as Nunns*, they can rely on the Support of the *Media*, who have become an *Organized Hypocrisy*, led in this Town by the *Post*, the *Pillar of the Community, and the Realm Within the Beltway*. They will even send, in the *Publick Interest*, a Reporter to dine at the Jefferson Hotel, which is the Home of the Nominee, so that *unashamed to Eavesdrop*, they can put into Print, that the Nominee told his Friend that he would like to *Fondle* her, which may have been intended only for the *Wet Ears of the Reporter*, who for this Employment, will be known as *Investigative*. Such are *the Men* of Sobriety, on whom we may rely, to be our *Security against Intemperance*, as they are against a *cheating Hart*, when they find him *Fondling*. By their Reading of the First Amendment, no Power in

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the Realm can eavesdrop on them, so their *License to be Scurrilous* will be our *Protection*.

So our State shall be saved from *Intemperance*, and *Fondling*; and *Competence* and *Experience*, and *Men trained to Politicks*, shall be *set Aside*, and *the Rest of the World shall look Elsewhere for Gusto, and by our Manifest Destiny, we shall all be Nunns*.

The Lites of spring.

MILLER GUY LIFE

By Teresa Riordan

Poor Spuds MacKenzie. Bud Lite's lovable beer-quaffing piebald mutt managed to survive rumors of death by drug overdose and the awful revelation that "he" was in fact a she. But the "Just Say No" campaign proved too much for her. Because groups like the National Association of State Alcohol and Drug Abuse Directors accused Budweiser of using Spuds to glamorize drinking for youngsters, she was put in the doghouse, and Bud has begun busily patching up its image. This year Bud's annual spring-break advertising insert, placed in campus newspapers just before the party season, reads as if it were written by the National Safety Council. "Buckle up," it says, "and save the partying for the beaches." Bud is also sponsoring coffee-and-doughnut pit stops for spring-breakers en route to partydom.

Since the '70s, spring break—about ten days of debauch on a beach—has been a prime time to advertise beer to the 18-to-24-year-old crowd, who represent about one-fifth of American beer swillers. Just a few years ago, brewing companies wooed young beer drinkers with activities like beer-chugging contests. But that was back when moderation was for pencil-necked geeks. Today beer companies rely on what Budweiser marketing specialists prefer to call "nonconsumption activities," such as free movies, concerts, or other gimmicks. The marketing emphasis has moved decidedly in the direction of clean living.

At least, for some beer companies it has. The Miller Brewing Company's spring-break ad campaign responded differently to the new zeitgeist. Most beer advertising for college markets has been based on the rock-solid premise that university men have two overriding concerns: (1) getting drunk; (2) getting laid. If you can't promise one, Miller figured, just promise more of the other.

Witness the ad insert Miller recently placed in dozens of campus newspapers at large state universities. The 16-page high-gloss ad is titled *Beachin' Times*, and its theme is "babes"—as in how to "scam" them and "turn spring break into your own personal trout farm." It features cartoons and photographs of naughty blondes wearing bikinis that cling to their firm breasts, usually with bottles of Miller close at hand. In one shot, six Miller cheerleaders excitedly hold up a gigantic long-neck bottle of Lite. The caption is "WAY BIG FUN." Miller offers a poster of this photo—and another that is equally way-big-fun—as free course material for "Interior Design 101." And hey, in case you don't catch the drift, a few clues are subtly worked into the text: "These swell posters make an eye-catching addition to your naked walls. . . . Ask for 'em at the Miller Spring Break Oasis. Then study a whole new set of figures."

An article in *Beachin' Times* on Miller's "pro Beach Volleyball" program begins with this catchy lead-in: "Name something you can dink, bump, and poke. Hint—it's not a Babe." Oh, of course—if it's not a babe, it *must* be a volleyball! A Miller public relations manager explained that the advertising insert is meant to be humorous, "to poke fun at things." There's that word again!

Miller has all its bases covered. *Beachin' Times* includes the obligatory cautionary line about drinking and driving. And the Miller Spring Break Oases at Padre Island and Daytona Beach this month feature non-alcoholic stuff like a way-bitchin', gnarly-dude surf simulator and free long-distance phone calls. Moreover, as Miller's p.r. manager pointed out, the company has always been committed to encouraging "responsible" drinking. For example, she says, Miller has long been involved with the campus group BACCHUS. What does that stand for? "Boost Alcohol . . . hmmm, let me see," she says, "Boost Alcohol Consumption. . . . Just a minute . . . I want to make sure I get this right." She returns with the words that had been eluding her: Boost Alcohol *Consciousness* Concerning the Health of University Students.

In settling on flesh as a unifying theme, Rogers Merchandising, the Chicago marketing firm that masterminded *Beachin' Times*, can't be accused of coming up with an original advertising approach. Then again, look at the product it's pushing: an American beer that tastes like any other American beer. That job calls for some old-fashioned image-making. A man's brand of beer, an executive from another brewing company explained not long ago to *Beverage World*, "is like his badge, a symbol. He's saying, 'This beer is a lot like me.' " Which means that if you drink Miller you're the kind of guy who attracts droves of gorgeous, compliant women (you know, "babes"), even if you do happen to be doltish and short.

Miller's sales pitch worked without incident at the first 54 campuses saturated with copies of *Beachin' Times*. But students at the relatively liberal University of Wisconsin, where the publication was most recently distributed, just voted to censure Miller. In view of this and "other objections," says one of Miller's p.r. people, the company has decided not to distribute *Beachin' Times* to the ten schools remaining on its marketing lists. No matter, though. Alienating its female audience wasn't one of the things that Miller executives were worried about when they approved the campaign. The young adult beer market is overwhelmingly male—mainly other-directed fraternity types who need reassurance that they have the

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red-blooded impulses of any normal guy.

Of course, there are a few women beer drinkers out there. Maybe Miller was trying to appeal to that slice of the market by offering this spring-training tip on the cover of *Beachin' Times*, next to a drawing of a pig in a pink bikini: "Lose weight. Lots of it."

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The election that nobody won.

OH, JERUSALEM!

By Ed Norden

At an age when Ronald Reagan is enjoying retirement, Teddy Kollek stood for re-election to a post that makes the presidency look easy. The 77-year-old Kollek, mayor of Jerusalem these 24 years, won and lost. He picked up six out of every ten votes cast for mayor in February's election. But in Jerusalem you vote separately for the municipal council, and despite the Kollek supporters who walked around in sandwich boards urging admirers not to split their ballots, his One Jerusalem party lost its working majority.

It wasn't unexpected. Kollek, a great centrist and the world's last fighting liberal, was hurt by the same polarization of the electorate that showed up in the national elections a few months ago, plus the *intifada*.

As the Labor party crumbles, many of its best and brightest constituents have been going left-radical and voting for the Citizens' Rights Movement. Though Kollek long ago detached himself from Labor, the CRM, popular at Hebrew University and among those who like to go to the movies instead of synagogue on Friday night, took some council seats away from him anyway. At the other end of the spectrum, the rabbinical parties have been prospering countrywide. This is due to cultural and demographic changes that are especially marked in Jerusalem—more and more Jews in Israel's capital are putting their trust in rabbis and voting accordingly. The rabbinical lists deploy well-oiled campaign machines. They have walkie-talkies and minibuses, and they make damned sure that a high percentage of their backers vote. The religious parties gained two additional seats on the 31-person council.

The effect of the Palestinian uprising on Kollek's party was appreciable. One-third of Jerusalem's citizens are Arab. Few if any of these 150,000 Palestinians have reconciled themselves to the Israeli annexation of their part of the city after the Six-Day War. What Jewish Jerusalemites call reunification their Arab cousins call occupation. This hasn't, over the last 22 years, kept lots of them from suffering in style. Many moved in from the surrounding West Bank to get out from under military government and claim their share of the peace and quiet, and the tourist bonanza, in the Holy City. Kollek did his very best to give them the feeling that they counted. No Arab party having been formed for municipal council elections (this would amount to accepting the Jewish conquest), he took it upon himself to protect their interests and dignity. In return, a certain number, defying PLO orders to boycott the polls, have voted for him and for One Jerusalem in elections since 1969. In 1983, 12,600 Arabs voted, almost all for Kollek, and it was thanks to them that this liberal Zionist got his absolute majority on the council.

But liberalism in the Middle East is a wager against the gods. How long could Kollek expect to keep a peaceful lid on Jerusalem when, on the one hand, he's a Zionist, and therefore believes the Jews have a preeminent right to sovereignty over the whole city, while on the other hand a third of the city's residents dream of seeing it the capital of Palestine?

The comparatively good days lasted until 15 months ago. That's when a generation of Palestinian kids who were born and raised under occupation, and who understand the weak points of the Jews better than their elders did, came of age. Their *intifada*, to which the PLO hitched its star, couldn't be kept out of Jerusalem. True, it's the police, not the army, that handles the rioters here, and there have been far fewer curfews and casualties than in the typical West Bank or Gaza Strip village or town. But Jerusalem—especially East Jerusalem, where the Arabs live—has changed.

Caladin Street is locked up tight whenever the PLO calls a strike. Arabs come over to West Jerusalem to work on the strike days, but the traffic of Jews in the opposite direction is close to zero; they're not eager to be stabbed. The city's No. 1 industry, tourism, is in a bad way because of what Europeans and Americans have been seeing on the tube. (They don't realize that Jerusalem is still safer than Washington, D.C.) In short, the border that was supposedly erased forever in 1967 has become palpable again, to Kollek's temporary despair. "Coexistence," he was quoted as saying one day early in the *intifada*, "is in ruins."

But though the *intifada* may have surprised him, it doesn't seem to have broken his spirit. Kollek is a tough customer. He soon pulled himself together and said he had been misquoted. He only took realistic care to predict before these elections that the Arab vote would be sparse and that as a result he'd probably lose his majority.

He was right. The PLO made it known that any Arab who voted was asking to have his car or home firebombed, and on election day business was exceedingly slow at East Jerusalem polling stations; it was the lowest Arab turnout ever. Most of those who did vote were municipal employees. After the returns were in, Kollek labeled every Arab voter a "hero." The pressure to boycott was of a piece, according to him, with the Muslim terrorism that Salman Rushdie could now write a book about.

There's something to Kollek's analysis; religious extremism played a role in the election. But he left out the other element: ordinary nationalism. What Kollek has found it best never to admit—not, at least, in public—is

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the fact that two nations are wrestling for Jerusalem. Each is definable partly by its religion. But neither needs to be terrorized from within to rise to the heights of steadfastness or sink to the depths of fear.

"The past two decades," Kollek likes to tell visitors, "have seen more changes for the better for more people in Jerusalem than did the previous 2,000 years." He's probably right. The shabby city of the 1960s, where Jews and Arabs decayed on either side of a no man's land, today has parks, concert halls, libraries, museums, pedestrian malls, a convention center, an artists' colony, underground parking. Kollek is the biggest builder to hit the city since Herod, and Jerusalem is back on the map. Furthermore, the garbage is collected promptly, *intifada* or no *intifada*, and the water mains are kept in repair with a minimum of graft.

The services are paid for out of taxes. The special projects are funded by the Jerusalem Foundation, a brainchild of Kollek's that draws its funding from his wealthy friends abroad. To a somewhat lesser extent than the Jews of West Jerusalem, the Palestinians of East Jerusalem have benefited from these changes. They are healthier, richer, better educated and better informed than they were under Jordanian occupation. Far from earning their gratitude or buying them off, these improvements have generated the perfect growing weather for their nationalism.

Kollek's failure to reflect openly on this paradox doesn't mean he is unaware of it. Writing in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs*, he says that "the future of Jerusalem is to remain united and the capital of Israel, under the overall sovereignty of Israel. There is, however, room for functional division of authority." He means what Londoners call boroughs and Americans used to call community control. "All communities [in Jerusalem], but particularly the Arab one, need a much larger measure of self-administration, autonomy, or functional sovereignty," he writes.

In other words, within his Zionist credo, he is willing to go the limit to satisfy the other side. But even if he were able to convince his less liberal countrymen to go along, it's doubtful that this new generation of Palestinians, hatched in the harsh and cozy cocoon of Israeli occupation, would be satisfied with this sort of autonomy. As long as Jerusalem is the capital of the Jewish state alone, they will feel that they are the horse, and the Jews the rider.

There are junior envoys at the U.S. consulate in East Jerusalem—a proto-embassy to Palestine—who will divulge to you over drinks that the answer is an undivided city that will be the capital of two countries—Yasir Arafat here, Yitzhak Shamir over there. It would be interesting to know how far up in Foggy Bottom this idea goes.

Kollek the realist will probably have to fashion a coalition on the municipal council. It will be a pain in the neck. He may opt for a deal with the Likud and the more civilized of the rabbis in preference to the CRM, the "ultra-secular extremists," as he calls them, who want to push the struggle with the religious parties to a showdown, and would love to see more discotheques and movie houses open on the Sabbath. The likely result of this coalition is that while Friday night entertainments won't be abolished, they may be curtailed.

"We will continue to run Jerusalem," Kollek vows, "as a tolerant, enlightened, and secure city, despite the difficult conditions that the voters have imposed on us." He wants to build a science-based industrial park, a decent zoo, a 21st-century train station. And he adds: "Others will get an ulcer before me."

The question of what will happen after Kollek is a good, and frightening, one. He has groomed no successor. Reuven Hazak, 51, a humanist and former No. 2 at the secret police, has been mentioned lately, but politics may well make short work of him. The conventional wisdom of the colony of foreign correspondents here is that Kollek's legacy won't survive him. They expect Jerusalem to go the way of Belfast and Beirut. Will the Kollek era indeed turn out to have been no more than an interlude, a reprieve, a superb holding action? Is Teddy a tragic figure? It's too early to say. The city is only 4,000 years old, and its mayor only 77.

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The global tax dodgers.

TAX AMERICANA

By Robert S. McIntyre

Buried deep in President Bush's budget, scarcely noticed amid the well-deserved criticism of his call to restore the capital gains loophole, is a recommendation whose likely effect would be to exempt IBM from federal income taxes forever. Big Blue isn't directly mentioned. Instead, the proposal is couched in terms of foreign tax credits and allocation rules and coupled with exhortations to provide tax incentives for U.S. research and development. But large tax cuts for a handful of multinational corporations, including IBM, are what Bush seeks. And for all the administration's talk about the healthy effects of these cuts on corporate incentives, the net result would be to move jobs abroad. Bush is trying to take a giant step in exactly the opposite direction from where tax policy for multinational companies should be going.

Companies that do business in the United States, whether American or foreign owned, are supposed to pay taxes on the profits they earn here. By the same token, our government is generally content to exempt from taxation the income that American corporations earn abroad; in effect, we cede the power to tax those profits to foreign governments. But measuring how much a multinational corporation actually earns in the United States has proved difficult. Corporate lawyers have figured out lots of ingenious ways to minimize taxable U.S. profits. A perennially favorite technique is to take some of the costs of earning foreign income and

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try to deduct them against U.S. income. Current law lets corporations get away with a lot of this, and Bush wants to let them get away with more.

One of these costs of doing business is investment in research and development. American multinationals often do extensive R&D at home to support an international network of manufacturing and sales. Tax experts generally agree that the most reasonable way to divide these R&D costs between foreign and domestic earnings is on the basis of sales: if only one-fifth of your sales occur in the United States, then only one-fifth of your R&D costs should be used to reduce U.S.-based income for purposes of taxation. Indeed, that's how companies typically allocate R&D expenses on their books. Were this accounting procedure used for tax purposes as well, multinational companies would pay close to $2 billion a year more in federal income taxes than they do today.

In January 1977, after years of debate, the outgoing Ford Treasury Department issued a regulation agreeing with the experts that, as a general rule, R&D expenses ought to be allocated between U.S. and foreign income based on sales. But the Treasury then proceeded to undercut this victory for common sense with a series of exceptions. The bottom line was that for a typical company whose sales were divided equally between U.S. and foreign markets, about 84 percent of R&D costs, instead of 50 percent, could be used to offset taxable U.S. income.

You might think that corporate lobbyists would be satisfied with a loophole that big. Wrong. They persuaded Congress and the Reagan administration to enact a series of "temporary" laws—in 1981, 1984, 1985, 1986, and 1988—that broadened it. As of early 1988, a company that sold half its goods abroad could reduce taxable U.S. income by fully 95 percent of its R&D costs.

For a company the size of IBM, that amounts to a lot of tax avoidance. According to IBM's 1987 annual report, only about one-third of its $8 billion in pre-tax worldwide profits were earned by its U.S. operations. But for federal income tax purposes, IBM appears to have used so much of its R&D expenses to offset taxable income that it reported practically no U.S.-source earnings at all. As a consequence of this and some more minor tax breaks, IBM paid nothing at all in federal income tax.

Since May 1988, when the latest "temporary" law expired, the 1977 Treasury regulations have been back in force. Merely keeping the feeble Treasury rules in place would retain upward of $700 million a year more in tax revenues than would the temporary rules, according to government estimates. Going further, and requiring all R&D costs to be allocated strictly by sales, as they should be, would add another $1.7 billion a year to federal receipts.

Sounds like a nice way to shave a few dollars off the budget deficit. But Bush wants to head in the other direction. He proposes a permanent change allowing multinational companies to use virtually all their R&D costs—about 97 percent for a corporation with roughly equal foreign and domestic sales—to offset U.S. income. His plan would benefit almost every big American multinational, from General Motors to General Electric. According to government estimates, the difference in tax revenues between the Bush plan and strict allocation of R&D expenses by sales is somewhere around $2.5 billion. But separate estimates of the difference these rules would make for IBM suggest that this aggregate figure may be understated; the Bush plan would be worth more than $900 million a year to IBM *alone* compared with strict allocation by sales. Indeed, the plan probably would have the effect of exempting all or nearly all of IBM's profits from U.S. income taxes in perpetuity.

Predictably, the administration maintains that this generous tax treatment is needed to encourage U.S.-based research. That's a nice goal, but it's worth noting that the tax break would go primarily to companies that do lots of manufacturing overseas, and therefore would amount to an incentive to move jobs abroad. The exact reason for this, having to do with the complex interaction of foreign and U.S. tax laws, isn't worth going into. But the result is that if, say, General Motors might otherwise be reluctant to build a plant in Germany because of the high tax rates there, America's generous rules on R&D allocation will take the sting out of the move. In effect, American taxpayers would be paying GM to offset Germany's high tax rates—or, looked at another way, would be sending money to the German government via GM.

Actually, you don't have to get into the details of international tax incentives to show that Bush's professed motivation of encouraging R&D is phony. Fully two-thirds of the estimated first-year revenue loss from the administration's proposal would be spent making the new rules retroactive. Obviously, it's a little late for that money to trigger a burst of research in American laboratories.

At bottom, Bush's multinational tax plan, along with his proposals to cut capital gains taxes and restore oil loopholes, reveals a deep-seated antipathy toward tax reform. The idea that the tax code ought to be devoted to raising revenues fairly, rather than to subsidizing certain business activities or particular companies at the expense of others, is alien to the president's outlook. That's too bad, because even after tax reform there is much yet to do in fulfilling the promise of the 1986 Tax Reform Act. In the international realm specifically, there are a number of steps that could protect the tax base and reduce incentive distortions that work against American jobs and domestic manufacturers. In addition to R&D allocation rules, there are several comparable candidates for reform, such as the treatment of corporate interest deductions.

There is also the costly problem of "transferable foreign tax credits," which encourage multinationals to set up shop in places such as Taiwan, Singapore, and Ireland rather than in the United States. In practice, the way our tax code goes about exempting foreign income from U.S. taxes is to have multinational companies report their entire worldwide profits and to tax them on those profits, but to give them a "foreign tax credit" that in effect refunds tax dollars paid to other governments. The credit is equal to the company's foreign taxes or 34 percent of its foreign income, whichever is less. The

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idea is that if a company pays foreign taxes on its foreign earnings, and those taxes are at least as high as the U.S. corporate tax rate of 34 percent, we shouldn't tax those profits again.

So far so good. The trouble is that we let corporations transfer to operations in low-tax countries any "excess" foreign tax credits left over from their operations in high-tax countries. Suppose General Motors has a plant in Germany with, say, a 48 percent tax rate, and one in Taiwan with, say, a 20 percent tax rate. After GM pays $48 of its $100 Germany-based income to the German government, we give it a credit of $34 against U.S. taxes on worldwide income. This is as it should be. But then we let it turn around and add the difference between 34 and 48—the "excess" tax credit—to its $20 Taiwanese taxes for purposes of figuring its foreign tax credit from Taiwanese operations, which is used to reduce the taxes it owes the U.S. government.

At least as troubling as the immediate loss of U.S. revenue is the long-term effect of transferable tax credits on corporate incentives. If a company's manufacturing is divided between the United States and a high-tax nation like Germany, it will have lots of excess credits that it can't make use of. And the way to make them usable is to move its U.S. manufacturing plant to a low-tax country—or to build in low-tax countries plants that otherwise might have been built at home. Companies do in fact respond to this stimulus. A spokesman for Prime Computer told the *Boston Globe* in 1987: "We didn't set out to build a plant in Ireland . . . but the government offered the incentive, and we took advantage and that lowered our tax rate." By making foreign tax credits non-transferable, we could end this perverse inducement to export American jobs.

The current tax code's many opportunities for tax avoidance are augmented by the fact that companies usually don't have to report their foreign income to the IRS until the foreign profits are brought back home. Typically, that happens when a corporation's foreign subsidiary pays it a dividend—the timing of which is subject to modification for tax purposes; the payment can be put off for a long time, even indefinitely. Significant revenues—not to mention great simplification—could be gained by eliminating this "deferral" of tax on foreign profits. Companies should report their total worldwide pre-tax profits, and those of their subsidiaries, to the IRS each year as they are earned.

The more general point here is that it is time to re-examine the whole approach we take to taxing multinational enterprises. Under current law, every transaction that an American company has with one of its foreign subsidiaries, or that an American subsidiary has with its foreign parent, is an opportunity for tax minimization. If the American corporation, for U.S. tax purposes, charges its foreign subsidiary or parent too little (or pays it too much) for products or know-how, then it will shift profits on its tax return toward foreign-source income and thereby reduce its U.S. taxes. As a way of trying to control those kinds of maneuvers, every deal between a U.S. company and its foreign relatives supposedly is subject to an "arm's-length" test, which means that subsidiaries and their parents are expected to deal with one another as if they were unrelated, and had no interest in helping each other find tax loopholes. In theory, a tax auditor can verify arm's-length treatment by carefully inspecting the companies' books, but in fact the machinations involved are too complex, and our force of auditors too small, to enforce the arm's-length rule. And multinationals—particularly foreign-based multinationals with extensive U.S. business—exploit this fact deftly.

Much can be learned in this regard from the experience of state governments, which face comparable problems when they try to figure out how much profit multistate companies earn in a particular state. Most states have abandoned the impossibly complex arm's-length system in favor of a simple formula that allocates a company's total nationwide profits among states based on its sales, payroll, and property in each. If these numbers indicate that one-third of a company's economic activity is in California, then one-third of its income is subject to California tax, regardless of how much money has gotten passed around to and from its subsidiaries.

This system works well enough to suggest the institution of an analogous system at the global level, in which all nations employ a single formula to determine the taxable income of multinational conglomerates. One standard complaint about such a worldwide unitary method is that it differs from accepted international practice. Of course, that's true. Certainly, if the U.S. government were to move toward a formula approach to taxing multinational companies, it would require lots of cooperation from other countries (partly so that the new rules wouldn't violate existing tax treaties). But most foreign governments probably would welcome our taking the lead out of the present morass. On the other hand, given the fundamental simplicity and fairness of such a system, it might have trouble winning the support of the Bush administration.

ROBERT S. MCINTYRE is director of Citizens for Tax Justice in Washington, D.C.

The spaced-out plan for a unified Europe.

EC, PHONE HOME

By Michael Elliott

In Western Europe, 1988 was the year of 1992. From the French presidential election to town politics in the Greek islands, from labor union conventions to capitalist boardrooms, attitudes on 1992 were struck, speeches were made, figures explained. Now that the year's over, few Europeans have any clear idea of how their politics and economies are about to change. That's understandable. The people who foisted "1992"

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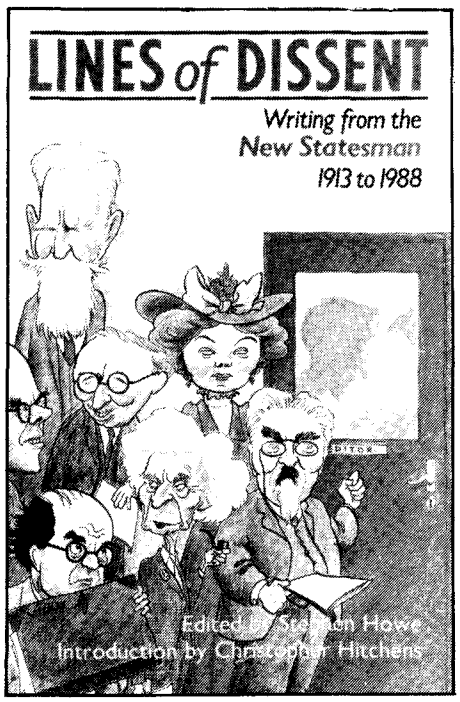
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on Europe don't know either; and if they ever did, their best-laid plans have already gone awry.

Project 1992 was dreamed up as the central task for the four-year term of the European Commission that began in 1985. The Commission, 17 strong, is appointed by the national governments of the 12 members of the European Community. Its president, Jacques Delors, is a French socialist. He wanted his term to have a Big Idea—a "vision thing," if you like—in the way that the French often do. He was duly given it by the kind of person to whom vision and Big Ideas are as common as they are to George Bush: a British bureaucrat fascinated by indirect taxation.

Lord Cockfield, the Brit in question, was 68 in 1985, and had just been appointed as one of the two British nominees to the Commission. He had been a civil servant, an industrialist, and a rather unlikely (but not unsuccessful) politician in Margaret Thatcher's first government. Together with Delors, he noticed that nearly 30 years after the European Community's foundation, it was still divided into 12 national markets. Customs officers still inspected goods; immigration controls still operated; defense ministries still bought as much of their weaponry as they could from national suppliers. Those terrible things were said to stymie the proper development of European industry, stunt the growth of its children, and much else. Worse, since they were all meant to have been long since swept aside by a Community dedicated to a united Europe, their continuance was irritating proof that in a central way, the Community had failed.

Here was Delors's chance. He asked Cockfield to take responsibility for "completing the internal market," which meant that Cockfield had to create a plan for a single, Community-wide market of 320 million people, within which goods and services would be able to move as freely as they do within the United States. (This much-used analogy, as we shall see, turned out to be almost wholly inapt.)

Cockfield set to work with a will. He identified 300 Community laws that he thought would be needed before the single market was in place. Next, Cockfield and Delors set a date for the completion of their task. Their target was the end of 1992, which explains that dread and omnipresent pentasyllabic.

Until last year most of the work on the internal market had been of interest only to those who take a professional interest in the arcana of Community affairs—not many. Then Cockfield's work moved into public consciousness. Last spring the Commission published the report of an official committee chaired by the Italian economist Paolo Cecchini. The Cecchini report was meant to be a cold-hearted economic analysis of the costs of a divided Europe. In fact, it was more tendentious than that, and many economists found its conclusions unbelievable.

The single market, Cecchini found, would add 5.3 percent to the Community's economic output. Nearly two million new jobs would be created. Tall tales though these may have been, the report found plenty of absurd restrictions on inter-European trade—German beer laws that were nakedly protectionist in intent, France's ban on non-sugar sweeteners, the suicide-inducing state of the bureaucracy one wades through before exporting to Greece.

Thus armed by Cecchini, the French, German, and British governments all launched expensive propaganda exercises to prepare their businessmen for the single market. Brussels, headquarters for the European Community, has since been swamped by 1992 "consultants." Conferences on the subject, in the United States and Japan as much as in Europe itself, are a dime a dozen. It is still not clear, however, what all the fuss means, and for a good reason. Enthusiasm for 1992 has become a test of whether or not a company, a government, even a nation can be said to be a good European. But there is no common definition of what being a good European means—or even how Europe itself is to be defined.

Many Americans seem to find this odd. Their mental map of the world has a long wrinkly thing called "Yurp" tacked on to the Eurasian landmass just west of "The Soviets." Yurp is inhabited by Yurpeans. For 40 years it has been a—usually unstated—tenet of American statecraft that Yurpeans should realize how much they have in common with each other. If they can find a common political structure to bind them together (just like—that analogy again—the United States) so much the better.

From a standpoint somewhere on the European peninsula of peninsulas, things don't look so simple. There are, it is true, some people who would now describe themselves as "European." But they are European as well as, not rather than, French, or British, or German, or whatever. These are the young shock troops of 1992—the British yuppies, the French children called *bon chic bon genre*. They have MBAs from Imede in Geneva or Insead in Fontainebleau. They work for banks (often American or Japanese), in the money markets, or in law firms. They cross frontiers effortlessly. They speak English, ski in France, admire Germany, adore Italy.

Each year they discover a new medium-sized European city whose restaurants they can celebrate and where they think it might be a good idea to put a new dealing room—last year Barcelona, this year Lyon. Many of them will be enthusiastic for Delors's next adventure, which is to cajole the countries of the Community into a common monetary system, and then to found a common currency and a European central bank. Like him, they look forward to the day when Europe has one sovereign government—"political union." These people may be the future of Europe, but they are not typical.

Predictably, it took Europe's rudest politician to point this out, in a speech last summer in the Flemish town of Bruges. Margaret Thatcher had already started to have doubts about 1992. For her, the initial attraction of 1992 had been as an exercise in deregulation, a triumph for the market liberalism in which she believes over the Colbertist *dirigisme* of the continentals. But neither Delors nor Cockfield had ever seen it quite like that. Cockfield thought that the Brussels bureaucracy would have to ensure that sales taxes in the various member states would be roughly equal, which Thatcher found an impertinent trifling with her own powers. So in 1988 Cockfield was frozen out of her presence, and—though anxious to continue serving with Delors—not renominated

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by Thatcher for a second term on the Commission.

Delors went further than Cockfield. Last September he spoke at the annual convention of Britain's labor unions. Denied all access to the corridors of power by Thatcher, they lapped up Delors's vision of a world in which his Brussels bureaucracy would control most of Europe's social policies. At issue, he said, was the 35-hour week, worker representation on company boards, and the rest of a "social dimension" to 1992.

He could hardly have chosen a quicker way to enrage Thatcher. Off she went to Bruges, to plead the cause for a Europe of independent nation states wedded to free market principles. Since then she has continually set her face against anything that seems to weaken what she terms British "sovereignty." She will not countenance a European central bank; she is determined to keep some border controls to stop illegal immigration and drugs; she will fight like the devil against Delors's "social dimension"; above all, she has ruled out any steps toward political union in her lifetime.

Already it is clear that some of the most overblown visions of 1992 are not going to happen easily—if at all. Ostensibly, the rest of political Europe is exasperated with her, as, ostensibly, it often is. Many European businessmen, however, are probably as opposed to Delors's plans as she is, but cannot use their clout to swing their national politicians to criticize 1992. This seems to be a small point, but is not. For the failure of those businessmen to lobby against Delors's vision of 1992 is the key to unravelling the whole mystery of the future of Europe.

At its simplest, "Europe," "European integration," "1992," call it what you will, is a motherhood issue in continental Europe. It is impossible for a serious politician—say, anyone to the left of the neo-fascists—to oppose it. The reasons for this lie in Europe's modern history. In 1945 the German and Italian states had lost all legitimacy; France's governments were not stable until de Gaulle's constitutional coup in 1958. For all these countries, membership in the European Community has been a way of conferring legitimacy on their modern statehood, a stick-on label of democratic good behavior. In just the same way, Konstantinos Karamanlis was determined to bring Greece into the community when he returned there after the colonels were overthrown in 1974.

But Britain, at least as Thatcher and the Thatcherites see it, has never had such a constitutional crisis. Its "membership" in Europe, Madam's courtiers like to think, is wise, and permanent—but it is a reflection of British *choice*. It is not, they argue, something that Britain absolutely had to do to show the world what a stable democracy it was. This is where the American analogy breaks down. Whatever the differences that might have existed among the American states at the end of the 18th century, they were as naught compared with the different experiences of the 20th century that Europe's nations have had.

Thatcher has been able to exploit Britain's (in some ways ludicrous) belief that by comparison with other European countries it has had a stable recent history. This belief has given her a freedom of action to attack "1992" that other European politicians do not have, and she used that freedom to advantage in the Bruges speech. One of her aims there was strictly domestic. With elections to the (mainly toothless) European parliament due this year, she wanted to play to British voters by appropriating for herself the mantle of nationalism. Those who remember the Falklands, and Thatcher's ability to wrap herself in the flag at any pretext, will not be surprised by this.

Thatcher also used the speech, more interestingly, to contest the very idea of "Europe" to which the Community has been wedded for 30 years. One of the things that most annoy German and French politicians about her is the way that some Eastern Europeans regard her as a hero. For her, and for many of her wing in the Conservative party, Prague and Budapest are great European cities, and she used the Bruges speech to remind her audience that any future of Europe must include countries to the east. Those close to Thatcher think that when Eastern Europe changes direction, it will not be governed by reform-minded socialists. The coming men will be *anti*-socialist; it follows that they will want to join the economic union of the Community. And Thatcher—or a Thatcherite successor—will welcome them.

This Thatcherite ambition is fraught with difficulty. On the one hand, its implications for 1992 are clear. Thatcher has signaled that if the single market turns inward, protectionist, she will do her best to wreck it. The only way that Eastern Europe can be helped, on this analysis, is for the countries of Western Europe to remain no more tightly bound together than they are now. If they rush toward political union, they will freeze Europe into two power blocs at exactly the time when some of the Thatcherites think those blocs are starting to fragment.

Moreover, by refusing to countenance political union in Western Europe, Thatcher hopes to make American withdrawal from Europe more difficult to accomplish. If Western Europe developed its own political structures, common defense policies would not be far behind; if they came about, it would be hard to make the case for continuing the present level of American contribution to Europe's defense.

Down the road, however, the Thatcherite line begs some questions that she has not yet addressed. Say that she is right, and that there is a chance that countries in Eastern Europe will develop politically and economically in such a way that they have close links with the Community. In real terms, that would strengthen the hand of Germany (for the German economy acts as a motor to the whole of central Europe) and might in time lead to renewed calls for German reunification. What would British policy be then? For that matter, what would French policy be? It is fine being chummy with a Germany locked into Western Europe, but a Germany looking eastward again might be another matter. And does anyone in Washington know what, in those circumstances, American policy would be? Behind the glitzy conferences on 1992 lies the rediscovery of a balance-of-power politics of a distinctly 19th-century kind.

MICHAEL ELLIOTT is the political editor of the *Economist*.

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Manhattan Moods

Anthology films—the screen equivalent of a bill of one-act plays—were fairly common in the 1950s and 1960s but have almost disappeared. I've missed them, and I was glad to see one coming along. I'm still glad, though it turns out to be a mixed bag: mixed bags are the risk and reward of the form. When a feature film begins poorly, hope for the next hour and a half of your life seems to swirl up out of your body like a visible wraith. But when an anthology film begins poorly, hope, for the other segments, remains.

However, *New York Stories* (Touchstone), a three-parter, begins well. The first segment is the best; then comes a sagging second part, during which hope is a thing with fluttering feathers; then hope is rewarded—the third part picks up smartly, if not to the level of the first. That opener was written by Richard Price, the novelist (*Bloodbrothers*) and screenwriter, and was directed by Martin Scorsese, who after his recent biblical excursion is now back in SoHo, where most of *After Hours* took place.

Price's screenplay is set—nay, embedded—in the downtown art world. A fortyish painter, Nick Nolte, is celebrated and successful. He is mad about a young painter, Rosanna Arquette, who lived in a cubicle in his huge loft, ran off for a while with another man, and now consents to return, after Nolte pleads, on condition that she doesn't have to sleep with him. He is still mad for her, and she plays his desire the way Itzhak Perlman plays the fiddle. The romance not-quite-réchauffé cannot last and doesn't. There are brawls, private and public. (At one point he bellows, as proof of his knowingness, that he had four marriages before she was born.) The real fracture comes not from brawling but because she insists that he tell her whether or not her painting is good. He knows that a negative answer, or no answer, will finish matters between them. He can't give her the answer she wants. His refusal to lie about art validates him and the story.

But he's sufficiently vulnerable so that at the end we see him getting back on the merry-go-round. This, too, validates him and the story.

Nestor Almendros, the cinematographer of this first part, makes the most of the gobs of paint that this abstract artist wallops and sweeps and smooths onto his huge canvas. Thelma Schoonmaker's sharp editing reflects those spurts and sweeps. Scorsese, a director whose norm of emotional heat is always several notches above average, pitches the episode perfectly for its intensity and for the comedy in the moment and the overview.

Scorsese's choicest work is with his actors. Nolte is not famous for flexibility and depth, but here, bearded and bespectacled, he gives shade and variety to his performance. Arquette, whose prom-queen conceit usually intervenes between us and her sexiness, concentrates so truly on her dissatisfactions that it's easy to understand why Nolte is enslaved. Her caprice, based on discontent with herself, her flashes of near-compassion for Nolte along with her hate for his doglike devotion, are subtleties that presumably Scorsese found in her.

The title of this episode, *Life Lessons*, is a small sour joke. The lessons aren't learned.

The third episode, *Oedipus Wrecks*, is better than its title. Written and directed by Woody Allen, with himself in the leading role, it's an extended Jewish-mother joke, but it's a pretty good one. There's a twist that I can't disclose except to say that, like his play *The Floating Light Bulb*, it reflects his interest in stage magic.

Allen plays a successful Manhattan lawyer named Sheldon Mills, né Milstein, whose mother still lives in the neighborhood and the mode that he escaped. Allen has a new lover, Mia Farrow, a divorcée with three children, whom he takes home to meet his mother. Mom, Mae Questel, is cordial enough, shows Farrow the baby pictures and so on, but privately she asks her son what he's doing with a blonde with three children.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

High Hopes. *A wry dry comedy, in unusual form, about Thatcher's England. A dropout couple in their 30s, along with their relatives, friends, and enemies. Occasionally broad, mostly keen and intelligent. (Reviewed 3/13/89)* **Lawrence of Arabia**. *Bathe in gorgeousness. Rejoice in fine acting. Hear literate dialogue. Despite some wavering in Part Two, this restored and re-recorded version is sheer pleasure. (2/20/89)* **Tap**. *Much tap dancing, all of it good. Much story, all of it negligible. Ignore the story and enjoy the dancing—by Gregory Hines and some real old-timers. Suzzanne Douglas, the heart interest, is lovely. (3/20/89)* **True Believer**. *James Woods raffishly forceful as a New York civil rights lawyer who lost his drive and regains it in a fight to free an unjustly imprisoned man. Murder-mystery twists and legal tangles, all deftly handled. (2/13/89)* **—SK**

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Mom ultimately makes her displeasure overarchingly clear. This results in a change of heart on Farrow's part and an eventual amorous realignment for Allen that pleases Mom.

The theme music of this Allen episode is "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad." (Take *that*, Sophocles.) But my favorite moment, a romantic reverie, involves another song. Allen has had dinner at the home of his second lady friend, who wrapped some pieces of boiled chicken for him to take back home with him. Standing pensively by his apartment window, he pulls a chicken leg from the package and gazes at it as once a swain might have gazed at a locket, while the sound-track music swells in "All the Things You Are."

Farrow is pleasant. Questel is vivid without any Anne Bancroft or Sylvia Miles clowning. Allen shows yet again that he is a personality, not an actor; seams keep gaping in his performance. But since he knows how to write for himself, he can get away with it.

The middle episode is *Life with Zoe*, directed by Francis Coppola, written by him and his daughter, Sofia Coppola. A wealthy 12-year-old girl lives in the Sherry-Netherland Hotel. Her mother, a famous photographer, globe-trots continually; her father, an even more famous flutist, globe-trots, too. (Incidental note: Coppola's father is a flutist.) Zoe is attended by a butler and spends most of her time with equally wealthy school friends. An even wealthier boy comes along. The plot then involves a huge diamond, clumsily introduced into the story, that links her father with the beautiful aunt of the rich boy.

It's all meant to have a tart, vaguely Maupassant flavor, but it begins dull and never generates interest. Most of this is due to Coppola as director rather than as author. He cast the principal role poorly: the child is unappealing and dim. Giancarlo Giannini, as the father, is wasted; with Talia Shire (Coppola's sister) as the mother, there is little to waste. Vittorio Storaro's cinematography is inaptly gauzy. Coppola seems always to be scrambling for the right vantage points, like a paparazzo frantic to grab pictures of a celebrity. He even tilts the camera pointlessly during a robbery sequence. The whole segment, which includes a bad gag about a homeless man patronized by the rich child, struggles along without rhythm, charm, or point.

Coppola leaves us where this episode found us: bemused by what seems to be his predicament. Through *Apocalypse Now*, his films, whether successful or not, showed a director with an edge, an ambition, a large-scale identity in formation.

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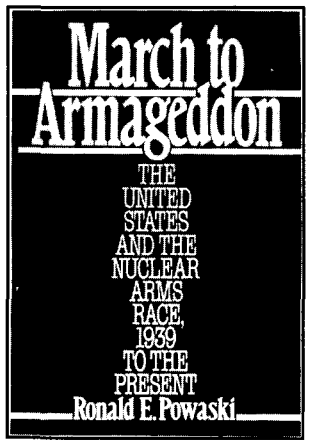

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Since then, he has not only not developed, he has lost identity. It's as if the strain of *Apocalypse Now* left him stranded, grasping but not reaching.

Coppola is now 50. Those who admired his earlier work and those who at least recognized the director's character will hope that some sort of self-reclamation is in order. He said once that being a director is "like running in front of a locomotive. If you stop, if you trip, if you make a mistake, you get killed." That's what seems to have been on his mind lately. Maybe he should just get off the tracks for a while and catch his breath.

The sweatless creations of Andy Warhol.

Fast Art

BY JOHN UPDIKE

The Andy Warhol retrospective at New York's Museum of Modern Art is the perfect show for time-pressed Manhattanites. They can breeze through it at the clip of a fast walk, take it in through the corners of their eyes without ever breaking stride, and be able to talk about it afterward entirely in terms of what they got out of it. Indeed, you can honorably discuss the show without attending it at all, if you've ever seen a Brillo box, a Campbell's soup can, a photograph of Marilyn Monroe, and a silver balloon. Here they are again, the dear old Warhol icons, full of empty content, or contented emptiness. Their vacuity gains through muchness, since if you miss one wall of silk-screened cans or Marilyns or dollar bills, another wall will deliver the same massage, and we can absorb this art as we absorb reality—while trying to ignore it. Not only does, say, a duplicated and garishly paint-smeared image of Liza Minnelli or Truman Capote not invite close attention, it sends it skidding the other way. Busy power people should love this show; it repels lingering, and can be cruised for its high spots, which are all but indistinguishable from its low spots.

This is not denigration, but an attempt at description. Warhol's art has the powerful effect of making nothing seem important. He was a considerable philosopher, and in his testament, *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol*, as extracted by Pat Hackett, we read: "Some critic called me the Nothingness Himself and that didn't help my sense of existence any. Then I realized that existence itself is nothing and I felt better." His great unfulfilled ambition (he couldn't have had too many) was a regular TV show; he was going to call it "Nothing Special." He came to maturity in the post-war, early cold war era of existentialism and angst, and found himself greatly soothed by the spread of television and the tape recorder.

In his *Philosophy*, he speaks this parable: "A whole day of life is like a whole day of television. TV never goes off the air once it starts for the day, and I don't either. At the end of the day the whole day will be a movie. A movie made for TV." The tape recorder completed his deliverance from direct, emotional involvement in his own life: "The acquisition of my tape recorder really finished whatever emotional life I might have had, but I was glad to see it go. Nothing was ever a problem again, because a problem just meant a good tape, and when a problem transforms itself into a good tape it's not a problem any more." Like the pidgin pronouncements of Gertrude Stein, Warhol's harbor amid their deadpan tumble of egocentric prattle an intermittent clairvoyance, a shameless gift for seeing what is there and saying it. The political turbulences and colorful noise of the 1960s did not hide from him the decade's essential revolution: "During the '60s, I think, people forgot what emotions were supposed to be. And I don't think they've ever remembered. I think that once you see emotions from a certain angle you can never think of them as real again."

What remains real, it would seem, is the semiotic shell, the mass of images with which a society economically bent on keeping us stirred up appeals to our oversolicited, overanalyzed, overdramatized, overliberated, and over-the-hill emotions. Warhol on sex, our great social lubricant and sales incentive, is especially withering: "After being alive, the next hardest work is having sex." Sex is not only work: "Sex is nostalgia for when you used to want it, sometimes. Sex is nostalgia for sex." Or: "Frigid people really make out." His obsessive silk-screening of Marilyn Monroe (of one particular face that she presented the camera, her eyelids half-lowered and her lips parted in a smile somewhat like a growl, a '50s drive-in waitress's tired sizing-up of one more coarse but not totally uninteresting come-on) turns her into a Day-Glo-tinted, tarted-up mask, the gaudy sad skull left when she is viewed without desire.

The repetition that was one of Warhol's key devices—two Liza Minnellis, ten Elizabeth Taylors, 36 Elvises, 102 Troy Donahues—has a mocking effect. In one of the many essays that introduce the tribute-laden, 478-page catalog, John Cage is quoted as saying, "Andy has fought by repetition to show us that there is no repetition really, that everything we look at is worthy of our attention." To me the message seems the exact opposite: that everything is repeated, that everything is emptied and rendered meaningless by repetition. Warhol himself stated, "When you see a gruesome picture over and over again, it doesn't really have any effect."

Born Andrew Warhola in 1928, the son of an immigrant Czech coal miner, he came from Pittsburgh to New York in 1949, freshly graduated from Carnegie Tech. In *Pre-Pop Warhol*, an album of his commercial art published last year by Panache Press at Random House, Tina S. Fredericks, who gave Warhol his professional start at *Glamour* magazine, writes, "I greeted a pale, blotchy boy, diffident almost to the point of disappearance but somehow immediately and immensely appealing. He seemed all one color: pale chinos, pale wispy hair, pale eyes, a strange beige birthmark over the side of his face (almost like a Helen Frankenthaler wash)." He was not only appealing and blotchy but persistent and resourceful; by the mid-'50s he had become a very successful commercial artist. His drawings of shoes for I. Miller, done in the Ben Shahn-like blotted-line look that he had developed, were especially celebrated in the advertising world.

He was industrious and quick, and never overdid his assignments, providing a light, artist-effacing touch. In *Pre-Pop Warhol* can be found a number of devices directly transferred to the "serious" art he began to produce in 1960: repetition, gold-leaf, a wallpaper flatness, monochrome washes across the outlines, and appropriation of ready-made elements like embossed paper decorations. These early years also saw,

JOHN UPDIKE'S memoir *Self-Consciousness* has just been published by Knopf.

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in the hiring of his first assistant, Nathan Gluck, in 1955, the beginning of his famous "Factory" and (to quote Rupert Jasen Smith) "his art-by-committee philosophy."

Warhol's first art sales were of shoe drawings rejected by I. Miller, displayed on the walls of the Serendipity restaurant in 1954. His first exhibit, containing paintings of Superman and a Pepsi-Cola advertisement and a before-and-after nose job all present in MOMA's retrospective, appeared behind mannequins in a window of Bonwit Teller in 1961. As late as 1963 he was still accepting more commercial commissions than he rejected. He saw, however, that the gallery and the museum were the path to true wealth and fame. He went, in his words, from the art business to business art. "I started as a commercial artist, and I want to finish as a business artist. . . . I wanted to be an Art Businessman or a Business Artist. Being good in business is the most fascinating kind of art."

"American money is very well-designed, really," Warhol said in one of the few aesthetic judgments offered in his *Philosophy*. "I like it better than any other kind of money." He drew dollar bills freehand, he silkscreened sheets of them, he became rich. He had an untroubled tabloid mentality; his eye naturally went to what interests most of us: money, advertisements, packages, lurid headlines, pictures of movie stars, photographs of electric chairs and gory automobile accidents. His early-'60s pencilled and painted copies of screaming front pages from the *News*, the *Post*, and the *Mirror*, with Sinatra and Princess Margaret, Liz and Eddie carefully but not mechanically reproduced, make us smile, because these are familiar images we thought too lowly to be passed through the eye and hand and mind of an artist. They, and the soup cans and Coke bottles, are Pop comedy, our world brought home to us with that kiss of surprise that realism bestows.

We like to think of art as lying on the frontier between reality and our awareness. The multiple silk screens possess, in the inevitable irregularities of the process and the overlay of colors, qualities we can call painterly, and this reassures us. But when we arrive, on the lower floor of this exhibition, at the blown-up and monochromed photos of car wrecks and electric chairs and race riots, a whiff of '60s sulphur offends our nostrils in these odorless '80s. Something too extreme and bleak is afoot. We wonder how much of our interest can be credited to Warhol, and how much to the inherent fascination of the original photographs. Where is the artist in all this? Is he working hard enough, or just peddling gruesome photos? We find ourselves getting indignant and hostile. Warhol in his lifetime inspired a great deal of hostile criticism, even in times when almost anything went, and the hostility relates, I think, to the truly radical notion his works embody: the erasure of the artist from modern life, his total surrender to mechanism and accident. Such a notion makes art critics uneasy, for if artists self-erase, art critics must be next in line, and it distresses the art viewer with the suspicion that he is being swindled—being sold, as it were, a silk screen of the Brooklyn Bridge.

WARHOL, STABLE GALLERY, NEW YORK, 1964

No sweat, the saying goes, and Warhol perfected sweatless art: movies without cutting, books without editing, painting without brushing. Up from blue-collar origins, he became the manager of the Factory. His lightest touch on the prayer wheel there produced a new billowing of replicated images, of Maos and cows and Mick Jaggers, of dollar signs and shoes, of mock ads and packages, of helium-filled silver pillows. When each idea had its scandalous and impudent little run, he came up with another, and although some, like the oxidization paintings produced by urinating on canvases covered with copper metallic paint, will never replace Pollock in the hearts of museum curators, it must be said that for all the '60s and much of the '70s Warhol maintained quality controls. Almost everything produced was perfect in its way, with a commercial artist's clean precision and automatic tact. In the anarchic realm of the disappearing artist, the artist's ghost—wispy and powdery, Warhol came to look more and more ghostlike—exercised taste. Not until the last rooms of this show do any of the canvases seem too much, like the visually noisy camouflage series, or too little, like the epochal religious paintings of Raphael and Leonardo reduced to color-book outlines and disfigured with manufacturers' logos.

In the realm of social behavior, too, a certain control kept Warhol productive and inventive. Though lesser members of his Factory descended into stoned orgies and ruinous addictions, he remained wrapped in a prophylactic innocence, going home every night (until 1971) to his mother—that same mother who, he remembered in his brief memoir of his childhood, used to read Dick Tracy to him in "her thick Czechoslovakian accent" and who would reward him with a Hershey bar "every time I finished a page in my coloring book." How much, really, of his mature work can be described as "coloring"! In one of his first self-abnegations he induced her to sign his works, and write his captions, in her own clumsy but clear handwriting. Julia Warhola presents a perspective on her son quite different from that of the critic who called him Nothingness Himself: Fredericks quotes her as saying, "He represents at the same time the American and European fused together and he's very keen and sensitive to everything that goes on everyday and he registered it like . . . you know . . . a photographic plate. . . . He has this terrific energy and he goes out and he registers everything and he does that everything and he becomes everything. The everything man."

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Everything and nothing, Warhol might have pointed out, are close to identical. He evidently did not quite discard the Roman Catholicism in which he was raised, paying daily visits to the church of St. Vincent Ferrer on 66th Street and anonymously performing good works for the homeless. The closing paragraphs of the catalog essay by Robert Rosenblum persuasively link Warhol's Catholicism with his sense of the iconic, his altarpiece-like diptychs, his fondness for gilt and memento mori. But surely, also, the profound hollowness we feel behind the canvases is a Catholic negativity, the abyss of lost faith. Protestantism, when it fades, leaves behind a fuzzy idealism; Catholicism, a crystalline cynicism.

In the *Philosophy*, some of his remarks have the penetrating desolation we associate with maximists like La Rochefoucauld and Chamfort. "I think that just being alive is so much work at something you don't always want to do. Being born is like being kidnapped. And then sold into slavery." The equation of being born with being kidnapped takes one's breath away, and the Warhol "works" on display in New York assume a new light when seen as the fruits of a kind of cosmic slavery. Work he did, while pretending to do nothing. If the show in its early rooms has the gaiety of a department store, it takes on downstairs the somber, claustral mood of a catacomb. Negatived skulls and Mona Lisas suggest the inversions of a black mass. The glamorized women, we notice, are almost all of them dead or grazed by death—Marilyn, Jackie, Natalie, Liz. And Warhol himself, unexpectedly dead in a hospital when not yet 60, a victim perhaps of the distracted medical attention that celebrities risk receiving from the awed staff, has joined the Pop martyrs, the mummified media saints.

There was an efficient churchly atmosphere to his show, of duty discharged and superstition placated. Visitors, I noticed, kept glancing slyly at one another, as if to ask, "How foolish do *you* feel?" One woman, with a seemly irreverence, combed her hair in front of a Warhol self-portrait whose framing glass reflected back from that dead opaque face. It might have been an act of oblation. Andy has become—what he must have wanted all along—an icon.

Family Circle

BY RONALD RADOSH

Loyalties: A Son's Memoir by Carl Bernstein

(Simon and Schuster, 262 pp. $18.95)

Loyalties reminded me of a scene in the 1950s anti-Communist movie *My Son John*. Robert Walker returns home from college, where he has been sucked into the orbit of the Communist movement. Noting his strange concern for racial justice, his mother asks him if he is a Communist. John picks up the family Bible and swears to her, in words made familiar by scores of witnesses before HUAC, that he is not and never has been a Communist. In Carl Bernstein's book, it is the child who asks his parents whether they were Communists. And, a little like the movie, Al and Sylvia Bernstein do not come up with a straight answer, with an honest look back.

Bernstein lived much of his childhood in the kind of pain peculiar to children whose parents espouse a highly unpopular cause. His parents were active in the small community of Communists and their fellow travelers in California and Washington, D.C. Caught up in the heyday of the McCarthy era witch-hunts, young Bernstein became a victim of the deprivations and the shunnings that Red-diaper babies often experienced as a consequence of their parents' entanglements. When his mother invoked the Fifth Amendment before a congressional committee, for example, it was her children who suffered. Bernstein's sister was expelled from nursery school by its administration. A good friend angered him by screaming that his parents were Reds. (Bernstein responded by beating him up.) Finally he asked his father for the truth, and his question was dodged.

When Bernstein recounts these things through the eyes of a child—of an American child more interested in cars and girls and rock 'n' roll than politics—his book is filled with interest and emotion. But *Loyalties* is not merely the memoir of a boy. It is also the attempt of a man to establish the truth about his parents, and in this it fails. Skepticism dissolves, irony disappears, and we are left with a view of the past that might be attributed to an unreconstructed fellow traveler.

At the beginning of his quest, Bernstein defends anti-Communism to his parents. "Now, under the Miami moon, I told my mother that she was naive. I lectured. This is an anti-Communist country. And should be. I discoursed. About the failings of the Soviet Union, how the Soviets had killed the Socialist dream." And yet, by his book's end, Bernstein concludes that his parents were right: "I had started out to be skeptical, my initial precepts (formed as a child and carried into adulthood) were that the Communist Party and its actions were the reason for this ordeal, for the [Truman administration] loyalty order and for much of what happened to the country. I was wrong." If his parents were Communists, Bernstein now thinks, they were also "progressive people who were being smeared because of what they believed in—not because they were members of the Communist Party."

On his father's side, Bernstein came from a family in the Jewish Communist milieu with a strong tradition of "Yiddishkeit." His grandfather read the *Freiheit*, a Communist paper, and had only contempt for the anti-Soviet socialists who read and wrote for the more popular *Forward*. The family established a Yiddishist and Communist summer camp in Maryland. The "Jewish" holidays celebrated in the Bernstein household were "Passover (but not Yom Kippur), May Day, Paris Commune Day, July Fourth, and the anniversary of the Russian Revolution-October Division." It is no wonder that young Bernstein's rebellion took the form of demanding a religious Hebrew education. His parents were opposed even to his bar mitzvah. He wrote them a note condemning them for being "atheistic Jewish Communists" who did not want him to experience religion.

Bernstein means this book to be a review not only of his own life, but of a larger truth about the McCarthy era. Most people remember the McCarthy era as a time when many idealists and liberals were falsely accused of being Communists, through the McCarthy technique of guilt by association. Al Bernstein argues, by contrast, that many of the people who were persecuted *were* Communists; and that they were persecuted for the good things they did, which would have led to persecution whether or not they were Communists. He tells

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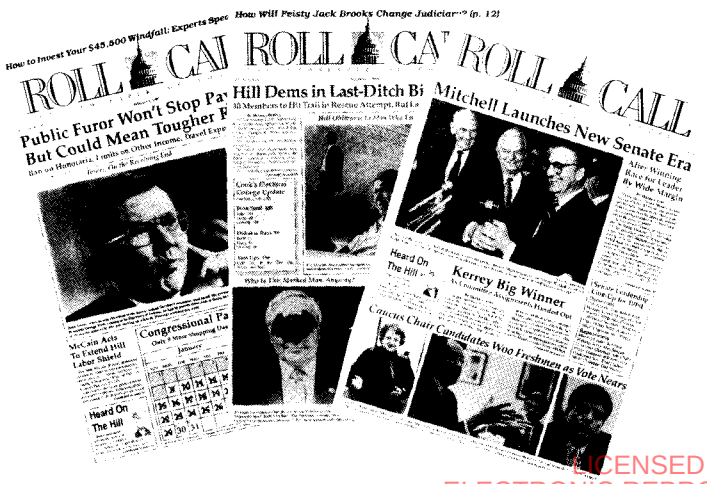
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his son: "The premise people eventually accepted after the McCarthy period was that the victims weren't Communists. If you're going to write a book that says McCarthy was right, that a lot of us were Communists, you're going to write a dangerous book." Al Bernstein would hide the affiliation with the Party, in other words, in order not to give credence to the McCarthyites. He and other Party members took the Fifth Amendment before congressional committees, and also lied about their political identity to their own colleagues in mass movements.

Bernstein the son recognizes the dishonesty in the position of Bernstein the father, and would prefer that his parents had acknowledged their Party membership straightforwardly. But he comes to the conclusion that, though his parents were Communists, they were innocent and noble—just as much the victims of McCarthyism as the falsely accused liberals. Bernstein's book is riddled with the notion that Party membership was simply the forgivable byproduct of a desire for a better America. As for the Party line, it was simply "loose," an inconsequential thing that Party members ignored. If, for Vivian Gornick in *The Romance of American Communism*, the Communist Party was a movement that gave one's life meaning and coherence and passion, for Al and Sylvia Bernstein it was just something that good trade unionists did because they were "interested in the union."

At first the son is not satisfied with such arguments. He pleads with his parents to try to "understand the role of the Party historically—seen from the perspective of someone on the left," to get a glimpse of "where the Party fit in the scheme of the period." His father refuses to comply: "The thing you don't understand is that identifying somebody as having been a Communist has many consequences. And you should avoid them when talking about this historical period." Asked why she joined the Party, his mother observes that "it was just something you did." Claiming to have attended only ten or twenty meetings, Sylvia Bernstein says she did very little; she did work proudly, though, for Harry Bridges's ILWU: "It was down on the docks, and the longshoremen would come in and pay their dues and say, 'and here's a dollar for Harry.' " She tells her son that the Federal Workers Union, the United Public Workers of America, and the Communist Party "were sometimes interchangeable in my mind." Membership in the Party meant simply "antifascism, the labor movement, rights for black people," all things that decent people value. You would think that only pro-Communists cared about them.

Al Bernstein joined the Party in 1942 in San Francisco, when he went to work for the UPWA, which was a left-led CIO union that organized government employees. According to the son, the father, too, was concerned simply with "union issues," and the Party was "a peripheral thing." For an investigative journalist, this is extremely naive. There exists, of course, an impressive body of scholarship on these subjects. Bernstein has made no use of it. He has not consulted, for example, any of the scores of volumes about the CP unions. There he might have learned, as Irving Howe and Lewis Coser showed many years ago in their classic *The American Communist Party*, that the Party had become a "disruptive and distrusted minority" within the CIO. In California, Howe and Coser wrote:

> the Bridges machine systematically knifed away at all opposition tendencies and openly kept violating the principles of union democracy. Though it could not touch established unions such as garment, auto, and rubber, the Bridges leadership unrestrainedly pounced upon anti-Communists—particularly anti-Communist leftists—in the weaker CIO Unions.

It is Al Bernstein's own UPWA, moreover, which offered a virtual laboratory specimen of how the Party worked within the labor movement. In California, rank-and-file workers led a revolt against Party control of the UPWA, and Bridges responded by branding the Socialist-led dissidents "fascists" and "Trotskyites." When one unionist objected publicly to his tirade, a Communist union chief noted that in Russia people such as these upstarts were "lined up against a wall and shot." The result of such tactics on the West Coast was a split: scores of locals bolted from the CIO and the West Coast industrial union council. To maintain its hold on the union after the mass defection, the Party sent East Coast officials under their control out West, where they received positions in the leadership. It appears that Al Bernstein may have been one of them; but the reader cannot know for sure, since Carl Bernstein seems unaware of the issue.

One would have thought at this late date in the study of American Communism, after the work of Theodore Draper, David A. Shannon, Max Kampelman, Joseph Starobin, Bert Cochran, and Harvey Klehr, that Carl Bernstein would have been able to confront his parents a little more toughly about the meaning of their membership. Sylvia Bernstein even admits to her son that the UPWA's expulsion from the CIO "was largely the result of supporting the post-war foreign policies of the U.S.S.R."—a remark that a reporter would call a good lead. But Bernstein writes that the union was expelled for being "*allegedly* under communist control" (my emphasis). In fact, it was the very purpose of the Party within the CIO to use the strength of the American working class to implement views favorable to the Soviet Union and its foreign policy. But again, Bernstein lets pass unchallenged his father's contention that Party policy had no effect on his union duties.

In other parts of the country, Communists succeeded in consolidating control of major CIO units. The result, after Stalin gave the marching orders at the war's end, was to raise the stakes and split the labor movement. This was accomplished by forcing the unions to condemn the Marshall Plan and to endorse the third party candidacy of Henry Wallace in 1948. The wartime center-left coalition fell apart, as Party-led unions, hungry for polarization, created the very conditions that permitted their expulsion by the labor anti-Communists.

This divisive new Party policy came directly from the Central Committee, and only CP-led unions followed it. Al Bernstein keeps reiterating that their effort in Wallace's Progressive Party was motivated only by their desire for peace with Russia; the Party, once more, had noth-

An Old-Fashioned Song

("*Nous n'irons plus au bois*")

No more walks in the wood:
The trees have all been cut
Down, and where once they stood
Not even a wagon rut
Appears along the path
Low brush is taking over

No more walks in the wood;
This is the aftermath
Of afternoons in the clover
Fields where we once made love
Then wandered home together
Where the trees arched above,
Where we made our own weather
When branches were the sky.
Now they are gone for good.
And you, for ill, and I
Am only a passer-by.

We and the trees and the way
Back from the fields of play
Lasted as long as we could.
No more walks in the wood.

JOHN HOLLANDER

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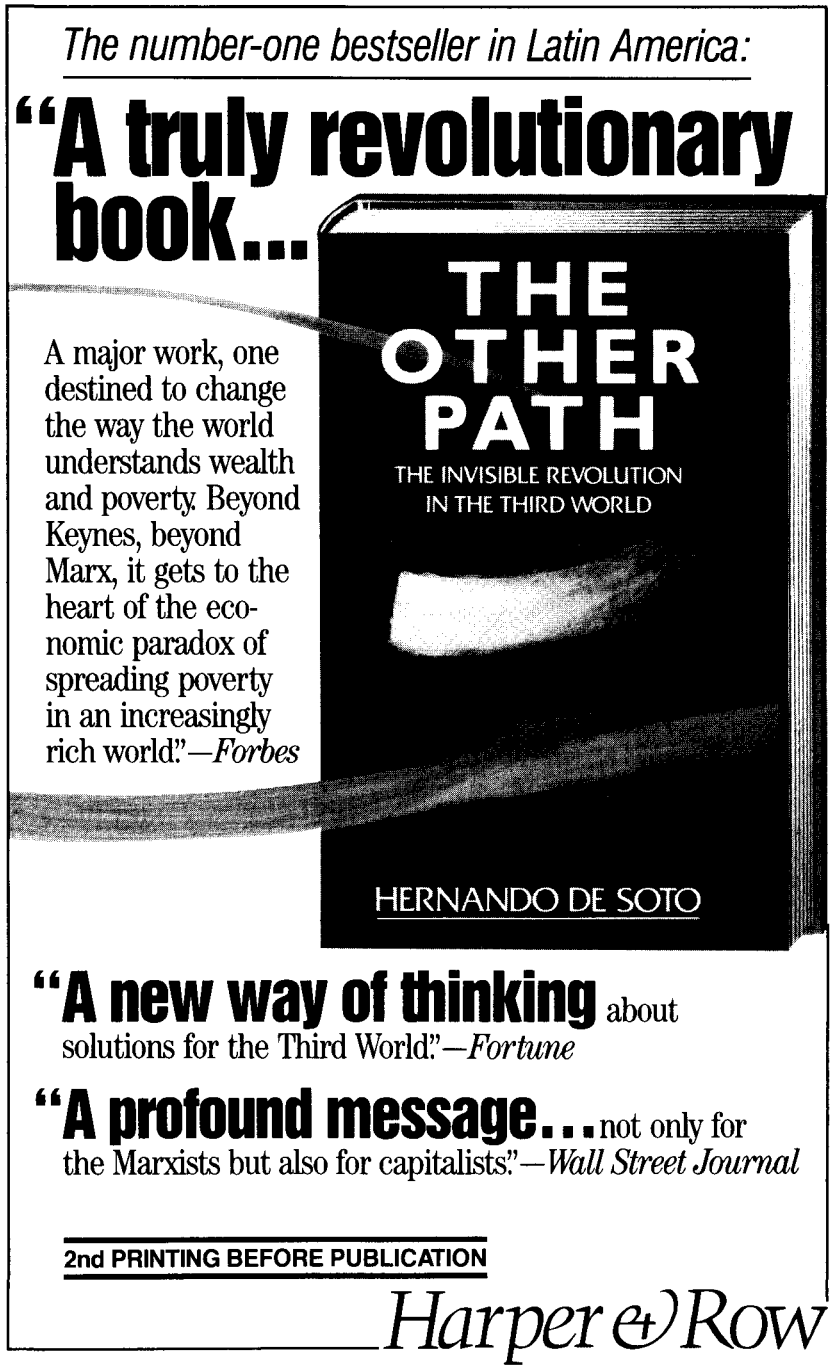
ing to do with it. But the very formation of the Progressive Party, as the late Joseph Starobin showed, had a double objective: to legitimize the Communist Party and to make a "tangible contribution to the initiative of the Cominform in the belief that a worldwide showdown in the cold war was approaching." As for Russian actions that escalated the cold war, they seem not to have existed for the Bernsteins. It appears that even the suggestion of mutual responsibility for the cold war is still considered by Al Bernstein to be a form of Red-baiting.

Carl Bernstein chooses to concentrate on the injustices of the Loyalty Board hearings, as well as on the farcical Senate committee hearings held by Senator James O. Eastland, who was chairman of the Senate Committee on Internal Security and one of the South's most notorious racists. Typical of the Dixiecrat conservative coalition that dominated Congress from the '30s through the '50s, Eastland's concern to expose Communism was not the concern of an advocate of freedom. Like most Communists, Al and Sylvia Bernstein invoked the Fifth Amendment and refused to testify before any congressional and Senate committees. Their son explains that "to answer any of the questions would have opened a line of inquiry requiring my father to talk about membership in the Communist Party, and about other people." Al Bernstein stresses that Eastland never asked what he did in the union; that he cared little for, or about, the fight to get black employees hired at the Bureau of Engraving with journeymen's pay. The Red-hunters were interested, he argues, only in the names of "other people."

But he begs the question. Why did Al Bernstein and other Communists refuse to testify, rather than defend their choices and openly acknowledge that they were Communists? The Fifth Amendment was invoked for one reason alone: it was a constitutional device that would keep those who cited it from going to jail. (In the wake of the Hollywood Ten, the Supreme Court had ruled that the First Amendment did not provide protection against imprisonment.) But, as Starobin wrote, taking the Fifth also made a witness "face a still greater penalty in the realm of politics." The witness incriminated himself in the eyes of the public, made it appear that the government charge that he was part of a conspiracy was correct. Starobin rightly asked, "Might they not have been better off politically, in terms of their image, to assert their affiliations, to proclaim them instead of asserting their right to keep them private, to explain the issues as they saw them, and to take the consequences?" But there was a reason, of course, for seeking such an inconvenient protection. The Communist witnesses took such a politically self-defeating action for the simple reason that it was the policy of the Party—indeed, it was an essential element of Party culture—to have Communists deny their identity, in the hope of attracting gullible liberals to their defense.

According to Al Bernstein, the postwar persecutions had one motivation: to drive out "everybody who wanted to inhibit the development of the cold war." He even has the effrontery to claim that Truman should have realized that he and his fellow Progressive Party stalwarts were part of the remaining New Deal "progressive coalition," former "premature anti-fascists" who were now premature advocates of détente. And his son concurs, in a crude version of cold war revisionism, that a domestic concern with Communism originated purely in the need to put over an aggressive foreign policy. Aid to Greece and Turkey—the Truman Doctrine—was formulated, he notes, at the same time as the Loyalty Boards were announced. Bernstein argues that "it would be difficult to seek aid against Communism abroad without doing something about the 'Communist menace' at home."

Certainly Bernstein is right that the boards were an abomination created by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the Truman administration for political reasons. People lost their jobs. The reasons were often spurious; the board hearings, intolerable. Al Bernstein proclaims in anger that "it was a reign of terror." But again, he has it wrong. In a reign of terror many people lose their lives, as in revolutionary France, Nazi Germany, and Stalinist Russia. In the United States, Communist-led unions collapsed, left-wing teachers had their licenses suspended, actors, writers, and directors were blacklisted. It was a sorry, repugnant time. But this country has long since made restitution for most of McCarthy's victims. Al Bernstein took the Fifth, found himself unemployable, and went on to other lucrative occupations. He used money he had inherited to build a successful chain of laundries. His life has been far less punishing than the lives of the persecuted in a totalitarian state.

It is absolutely true that anti-Communism was exploited by reactionary demagogues like Senators McCarthy, Eastland, and McCarran. And historians have certainly demonstrated that the Loyalty Boards provided minimal safeguards for the accused, that they failed to distinguish between sensitive and insensitive government jobs, that they confused the notions of loyalty and security in the public's mind. They also failed to defuse the issue of Communists in government. Still, the fact that reactionaries used anti-Communism for their own purposes, the fact that their hearings and their investigations violated civil liberties, does not mean that liberal and democratic Americans had no reason to worry about Communism.

It is ironic that Bernstein approvingly cites CIO chief Philip Murray's letter to Truman, in which Murray protested that the Loyalty Boards lacked procedures for due process. Bernstein does not seem to know that it was the same Murray who led the break with the Popular Front left, who began the purge of Communists from the CIO. As Murray told the CIO convention in 1948, he opposed the Communists "because they have subverted every decent movement into which they have infiltrated themselves in the course of their unholy career." Opposing the Loyalty Boards and opposing the Communists were both consistent, then, with a dedication to civil liberties. But Bernstein and his parents seem to believe that only Popular Front "progressives" could be genuine supporters of American democracy.

The years about which Carl Bernstein writes were the very years in which Stalin crushed freedom in Eastern Europe. But father and son see aggression only in American foreign policy. They complain about the Truman Doctrine in a book that includes not a single reference to Czechoslovakia. The Soviet coup, which toppled the neutral postwar government and indicated that Stalin was deadly serious about increasing his empire, was precisely the event that convinced many former fellow travelers that peace with Russia would not be as simple to obtain as Henry Wallace was proclaiming. The events of 1948, to which Bernsteins senior and junior seem impervious, undermined both the Communist view that an easing of tensions depended only on the United States and Wallace's view that a modus vivendi depended only on a change of political power in Washington. But Al Bernstein still insists that "people who were usually opposed to fascism didn't have to demonstrate that they were also opposed to the Soviet Union."

It must have been difficult being a Red-diaper baby in a season of repression, when one's parents were activists in the Stalinist movement. My own reaction to the execution of the Rosenbergs was similar to Bernstein's: "To a child the connection was unavoidable; if they could be executed, what was to prevent the execution of one's own parents, particularly one's own mother?" It was especially acute for Bernstein, since the Rosenbergs had been married the same day as his parents. But when Bernstein writes that "the Rosenbergs too were progressive people—and they were going to die for it," he ignores completely the history and the politics of the case—and the bulk of evidence indicating that, unlike his parents, the Rosenbergs moved from the Party to espionage. Some Communists *did* let their basic loyalty to the Soviet Union lead them to betray their own country.

Communists were often the subject of unjust persecution. But they were hardly exemplary defenders of liberty who did only good deeds. As Irving Howe has written, those who were loyal to the Communist Party in the heyday of Stalinism "helped befoul the cultural atmosphere, helped bring totalitarian methods into trade unions, helped perpetuate one of the great lies of our century, helped destroy whatever possibilities there might have been for a resurgence of serious radicalism in America." And this, sadly, Carl Bernstein still fails to comprehend. As a personal memoir, his book is moving. As history and politics, it is amateurish, and amounts to a defense of policies and persuasions that were morally and politically discredited long ago.

RONALD RADOSH is co-author, with Joyce Milton and Harvey Klehr, of a forthcoming book about the Amerasia case and McCarthyism.

True Relations

BY WILFRID MELLERS

The Swing Era: The Development of Jazz, 1930-1945 by Gunther Schuller

(Oxford University Press, 919 pp., $30)

Jazz is a phenomenon of the 20th century, associated mainly with industrial cities. Its roots, however, were in "darkest" Africa, a world alien to, and remote from, the West. Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* and the neo-primitive elements in the artifacts of Picasso (to cite merely the supreme representatives) suggest that a reaction against the will-obsessed and ego-obsessed values of Western civilization has been pervasive in our century; but this is not adequate to explain why the music of an alienated, persecuted, oppressed black minority became a mouthpiece for white people, too, throughout the "civilized" world.

Maybe we are all, in some ways, if not black and persecuted, at least alienated and dispossessed; "humanity," as Lawrence put it during the first of our "great" wars, "is like a great, uprooted tree." In any case, the black man's music, transmuted in a white world as a consequence of enslavement, did two contradictory, complementary things: it asserted the violence of dispossession (which exploded in the mechanized monstrosities of the world wars) and it reaffirmed man's roots in the earth, in the cycles of nature. As the techniques of a so-called primitive society were transplanted in a strange land, they served a new purpose, and were themselves transformed.

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European musical traditions, stemming from the watershed we call the Renaissance, effect, or hope to effect, a communication existing in time. Monophonic melody evolves into polyphony; which implies harmonic alternations of tension and relaxation; which involve functional tonality; which implies progression from A to Z. Western man is a pilgrim. Through his music he "invents himself." African music, on the other hand, is concerned less with identity than with identification, less with man's search than with the world in which he exists. African musical technique is not about acts of self-discovery. Forms tend to be circular and repetitive rather than linear; melody is monophonic and often pentatonic; texture is heterophonic, that is to say, more than one version of the same tune is simultaneously heard, rather than polyphonic. Harmony hardly exists in "our" sense, since, if it is present at all, it is non-developmental.

Jazz is what happened when these African and European concepts of music came into contact and collision. It was (and still is) a tension between the autonomous present of African musical experience and the imposed metrical and harmonic-tonal forms of the Western world, especially as rudimentarily manifest in the American march and hymn. These musical formulas were literally prisons against which the instinctual freedom of inflected black melody and polyrhythm beat, generating what came to be called (in reference to meter) swing and (in reference to harmony) blue notes.

There was a precedent for swing earlier in European music, in the tense equilibrium between Bach's potent earthbeat and the winging fluidity of his polyphony, or "many voices"; and a similar equilibrium between *notes égales* and *inégales* in Couperin. For blue notes, there was a precedent still earlier in European history, when the modal monody of medieval plainchant and folk song clashed with the Renaissance's sensuous and intellectual need for harmonic and rhythmic congruence. Appropriately enough, those blue notes came to be termed "false relations." Any impression that the false relations in jazz are trivial compared with those generated by the watershed between the Middle Ages and the modern world is superficial, since the cleavage between all that is implicit in the concepts of Black and White is surely the central, and most potent, problem of our time.

Jazz was a black man's music that owed its identity to its white environment. Its evolution was a two-way process. The white man hoped, with jazz's succor, partially to release himself from what Hardy called "the pain of consciousness"; while the black man had partially to embrace that consciousness if he was to survive in a new, and to him alien, land. Because jazz is, from its African origins, a "performance," rather than a literate art, it has proved recalcitrant to discussion in Western terms. We are trained to deal only with artifacts that exist in print or on the drawing board. We have no terminology in which to discuss creation that is still "in process." That is why virtually all writing about jazz has been anecdotal rather than musical.

Still, we cannot be content intellectually to ignore what is now so crucial a part of our experience. So jazz has become, especially in American universities, an accredited field for musicological research which, though it accumulates information, does not often contribute to the store of human wisdom. The invention and evolution of a critical language capable of exploring jazz in depth remains a problem. Virtually through the work of one man, however, we now have the beginnings of such a language.

The first volume of Gunther Schuller's "history" of jazz was rightly hailed as a landmark when it appeared 20 years ago. His new, second volume runs to 919 closely packed pages; and a third volume, bringing matters up to date, is promised after a further period of gestation. Only a man of exceptional talents and qualifications, of mind-boggling intellectual stamina and ear-boggling musical acuity, could carry through an enterprise with such sweep, with such illuminating precision. Schuller is himself a composer of "art" music distinguished in quality and fairly prolific in quantity; he has been a jazz horn player, working with artists of the caliber of Miles Davis; he is a brilliant conductor and an inspiring teacher. Somehow he has found time to listen, for what must be thousands of hours, to recorded (and other) jazz performances, and to spend further hundreds of hours in making verbal assessments of what musically happens in them.

Schuller's critical judgments are supported by the evidence of many pages of music notation taken down, inevitably, by ear. This is an astounding achievement, on several counts. How does one set about transcribing the digital pyrotechnics of, say, Art Tatum, whose flurries are gone with the wind? Although horn players and singers don't usually move quite that precipitately, they entail their own problems: their improvised pitch and rhythm are hardly notatable in Western terms at all. In his transcriptions of their music, Schuller comes as

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Monday March 20
Bobbie Ann Mason
LOVE LIFE: STORIES
reading 7 pm

Tuesday April 4
First Annual George Eliot Memorial Lecture
CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS
"In Defense of Daniel Deronda."
lecture 6 pm

Monday, April 17
Poison Pens: A Muckrakers' Colloquium
The future of adversarial journalism: Jessica Mitford, Alexander Cockburn, Christopher Hitchens, Mark Hertsgaard, and Robert Scheer.
debate, 8 pm
National Press Club Ballroom, $5

Saturday April 22
Robert Richman
THE DIRECTION OF POETRY
lecture 11 am

Wednesday May 3
James Wilcox
SORT OF RICH
reading 7 pm

Tuesday May 23
Mary Morris
THE WAITING ROOM
reading 7 pm

Tuesday June 6
Susan Minot
LUST & OTHER STORIES
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near to accuracy as is humanly possible: nearer, indeed, than is feasible for an acoustically normal human being. Merely for this reason, his book is unique; but he writes also with deep sensitivity and high intelligence.

It is not surprising that the most impressive sections of Schuller's massive work should deal with the great solo performers, since it is with them that the writer's path is most scarily uncharted. Bated-breath tributes to the "mystery" of Billie Holiday's art are legion, of course. Schuller, devoting one of his longest chapters to her, is no less moved by her magic, even when she's singing "inferior" material; but he is able to pinpoint, at last, the means whereby that magic operates. Holiday was a 22-year-old girl when she recorded many of her most poetically reverberative numbers. The deprivation and squalor she had lived through from the age of 15 would have finished most of us off. Her voice was of extremely limited range. She sang many trite, as well as some great, songs. She never acquired any conventional musical technique, or even learned to read music. That she nonetheless created these miracles of tragic intensity, of comedy, wit, and pathos, would beggar description, were it not that Schuller describes it, from the strictly musical standpoint, accurately.

Discussing her 1937 version of "Foolin' Myself," for example, Schuller notates the pitches and rhythmic nuances that Holiday actually sings, appending beneath his notation the printed version of the song as it would be sung by non-jazz performers. The passage quoted is, he points out, a "rhythmically daring moment where explicit time is warped almost to the point of suspension, while the implied underlying beat is nonetheless fully preserved. It should be pointed out that this phrase is in certain spots virtually unnotatable in orthodox notation, for Billie's notes are often behind their *own* intended beat." In other words, her version of the melody is, strictly speaking, recomposition.

Schuller's account, abetted by his notations of the "before" and "after" versions of the song, comes as close to an explanation of the phenomenon of jazz rhythm, or swing, as one is likely to get. Nor is the heart of Holiday's singing only a matter of rhythm and pitch. Color and timbre are inseparable concomitants, as Schuller observes about "Strange Fruit," perhaps Holiday's most famous single number. It was also her most infamous: being explicitly a song about a lynching, it was at the furthest possible remove from the conventionalized escapism that characterized pop songs of the era. It didn't, as has often been said, represent a "new start" for her; it merely brought into the open the pathos and the pain that habitually informed her singing even of words often dismissed as trivial. As Schuller puts it, in a passage that is typical of the quality of his commentary, "Strange Fruit"

> is a fine unpretentious composition in B flat minor, a key Chopin and other composers knew to use well for their more somber pieces. The work divides into two basic sections: A (eight bars plus a two-bar tag refrain), B (eight bars), all in a simple introduction plus A A B B format. Its changes are hauntingly beautiful, exploiting major-minor relationships and a late 1930s chromaticism for startling effect. . . . Sonny White states the A strain, the only time the actual theme is heard, in a manner that is almost too gracious for the occasion. But Billie, ignoring the melody, now brings things down to a starker "I'm-gonna-tell-it-like-it-is" level, her voice heavy with sorrow and pain. . . . It is Billie's pure, unself-pitying, distilled-emotion approach to the material that haunts our memories. The lyrics, which could have become obvious and maudlin, are treated with cold respect for the awesome facts. The hurt is there, but it is not worn on the sleeve. It never slobbers.

Schuller is no less perceptive about Lester Young, the tenor saxophonist who often worked with Holiday. Again, thousands of words have been scribbled about Young's laconic, elusive personality; but never before has any writing defined his character and charisma through the acoustical properties of the sounds he uttered. The account of his early clarinet version of "I Want a Little Girl" is as masterly as Young's performance, down (or up) to the fact that an improvising genius may play a wrong note that turns out to be so right that it is incorporated into later performances.

Moreover, Schuller relates such close musical analysis to history. He does not merely tell us that Young's playing was a formative influence on the later evolution of jazz saxophone; he demonstrates *how* this happened, as Young's "diatonic immaculateness" (which is "almost prim" in comparison with the richly ornamented line, bent pitches, and pitch-modifying vibrato of Ben Webster) pointed the way to the polymodalism, the ambiguity of musical modes, of Miles Davis. Virgil Thomson once advised writers to "look after the adjectives." Schuller has clearly followed that advice; I can imagine no descriptive phrases more meticulous than those quoted above.

In dealing with the jazz pianists, Schuller doesn't need to display such aural acuity, since their tones are fixed and tempered. Even so, the volatility of his ear is as startling as his assessments are shrewd. He convinces us of Earl Hines's pre-eminence, not only because of the richness of Hines's invention, but also because of his ability to learn by experience: he is an unusual phenomenon, a jazzman who lived to be old, and so his music evolved as jazz evolved. Schuller argues about Art Tatum that his "prodigious" technique owed much to classical pianism, which he adapted with an icy disdain, whereas Hines's Chopinesque embellishments and rubato are reborn in inherently jazzy terms. Tatum remains a musician's musician, whose artfulness sometimes got the better of his art. Nor is Schuller's acumen restricted to the "greats" of jazz. The breadth of his knowledge rehabilitates many figures little known to this reviewer, who has listened to jazz, usually with relish, for more than half a century. And some familiar figures are revealed in unsuspected lights; I recognize now that my appreciation of Cab Calloway's singing has been woefully deficient.

Since jazz is both a collusion of, and a collision between, two worlds, white and black, it has social and economic dimensions. Black musicians could find a modus vivendi in white America only by means of a rapprochement between their urban folk music and the world of commerce. This used to be deplored by purists, but it was a significant part of the jazz experience. It was during the years covered by this book—as contrasted with what Schuller calls the "Early Jazz" of the 1910s and '20s, or the jazz of the '50s and '60s, in which alienation and even rebellion becomes overt—that the compromise with commerce is most conspicuous.

The big band calls, by its nature, for Western-style composition and arrangement. It was an aural synonym for the corporately power-driven Western world into which the black man had to fit, or perish. Fitting, however, need not imply passivity. A jazz composer may be the arbiter of his band's, and his social group's, destiny—as was, supremely, Duke Ellington, who for Schuller remains jazz's hero. Nobody did more than Ellington (in Allen Ginsberg's words) to "create out of his own imagination / the beauty of his wild / forebears—a mythology / he cannot inherit . . . nostalgias / of another life." For that reason, Ellington stands comparison with composers like Ravel, Delius, and to a lesser degree, Debussy, who were also animated by nostalgia for a lost Eden. Schuller makes those references; but less predictably he traces affinities between Ellington and Mahler, Schoenberg, Stravinsky, and Bartók.

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Some of the parallels don't entirely convince, but they are certainly interesting.

The value of Schuller's long, dense chapter on Ellington lies most in his explanation of what it means to call him at once a composer and an improviser. He cuts though much weary verbiage about the relation between the two. We learn that great improvisers discover techniques and procedures that might be literate, even if they aren't. A band leader, by contrast, having to coordinate structure and texture in the interests of the ensemble, won't create very rewarding music unless individual protagonists are encouraged to make their contribution—much as medieval craftsmen added their personal touch to the effect of a cathedral.

It is often said that Ellington played his band as a pianist plays his piano: the originality and the potency of the sounds depend not so much on the lines and the harmonies as on their spacing, on the behavior of the leading voice in relation to each member of the group. Once more, Schuller does not blandly state this, but demonstrates, track by track, measure by measure, how it functions, with notated full scores arrived at by yet another brand of aural alchemy. Nobody before Schuller had explained how the "arty" elements in Ellington's music led to sophisticated harmonic ambiguities that are extensions of the major-minor ambivalence inherent in the traditional blues.

Technically, it turns out, as well as socially and economically, jazz's link between folk, art, and commerce could be even life-enhancing. Modern audiences may find the prevailingly harmonic procedures of big band jazz and its self-enclosed forms (originally dictated by the short-playing record) less congenial than do people of Schuller's generation, let alone mine. But the probity and the power of Ellington's genius are irrefutable.

If Ellington does not always wear as well for me as he does for Schuller, Basie wears better. I find virtue in the very lack of harmonic and textural density that Schuller slightly deprecates. And I'd have liked him to give as much attention to Pee Wee Russel as to Jack Teagarden, though he writes adroitly about both. I detected no errors and only a few misprints, though there are a number of misplaced clefs in the music examples. But these are quibbles. The breadth and the depth of Schuller's knowledge are daunting. One must look hard and, still more, listen hard in order to understand; but the effort is substantially rewarded. And never were footnotes less "mere" than Schuller's: his comments on scat singing in relation to traditional African vocal techniques, for example, hold more food for thought than a whole raft of conventional jazz books.

Schuller's work should be savored slowly, along with the recordings to which it makes explicit reference. As a work of reference, one will live with it through a lifetime. It is not the kind of "history" that offers a coherent account of jazz's scope and evolution. As the encapsulated story, or myth, of our hazardous times, jazz has profound implications that Schuller does not spell out. But these implications are latent in his particular commentaries; and another hefty volume is still to come, which may show the pattern of the whole.

WILFRID MELLERS is professor emeritus of music at the University of York and is the author, among other works, of *Music in a New Found Land: Themes and Developments in the History of American Music* (Oxford University Press).

Burmese Days

BY ANNE TYLER

John Dollar
by Marianne Wiggins

(Harper & Row, 214 pp., $17.95)

Until now, Marianne Wiggins has seemed a quintessentially American writer. Her previous books—among them a delightful novel, *Separate Checks*, and a short-story collection, *Herself in Love*—had a broad streak of zany humor and a distinctively Western, easy-going swagger.

But Wiggins currently lives in England, having married the Indian-born British author Salman Rushdie (which, in light of recent developments, must have given her a number of fresh insights into human behavior worldwide). And *John Dollar*, her fourth novel, is as English as a book can get: delicate in tone, tripping rather than sauntering, coolly understated. It's full of words like "tiffing" and "fishballs" and " 'round" (as opposed to "around"). Above all, it is ironic—although, since the irony is often directed at the British notion of empire, one wonders whether a born Englishwoman would have managed to wrench the same amount of comedy from her material.

Comedy, you ask? Comedy, in a book that's in many ways a female version of *Lord of the Flies*? Well, yes, believe it or not. Oh, *John Dollar* is a grisly story, all right. It's the kind where you're reading cheerily along and you suddenly say, Wait. They did *what*? And you go back and read again to make sure, and the truth finally hits you with a sickening punch to the stomach. But precisely what gives the punch its oomph is that you were, indeed, reading *cheerily* along, up until that unexpected moment. *Lord of the Flies* was more predictable, more relentless; it was, in my opinion, not half as thoughtful a piece of work.

For one thing, *Lord of the Flies* began when its young characters had already been cast upon their tropical island. The main thread of *John Dollar* begins when its characters are still settled comfortably within their matrix of Englishness and Empire and White Man's Burden. Therefore, the reader's focus is directed not to human beings' basic uncivilized instincts but rather to the nature of so-called civilization itself—to its irrelevance and laughable impracticality, its willful blindness.

Charlotte Lewes, the heroine, is a colorless, listless young Londoner eking out a meager existence as a clerk. Numbed by the death of her husband in the First World War, she applies for a teaching post in Burma, where she will be expected to "foster and preserve the standards of the Empire in English children." Her only preparation is a knowledge of Kipling, plus a smattering of readings in Islam and Hinduism—although the Burmese, of course, are Buddhists. ("One eastern religion was much the same as any other in the minds of the Home Office," we're told.)

The English in Rangoon in 1917 are stuffy and complacent. They plant petunias where frangipani once grew, they read London newspapers two weeks out of date, they take their quinine "like religion, like the eucharist it was." Supposedly, Charlotte will marry into this community (why else would an Englishwoman travel so far?) and devote the rest

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of her days to family and to Christian charities. But she doesn't. Instead, she finds herself slowly thawing. She discovers that she is not content to remain aloof from the real life of Burma:

> She wanted words to match the things she saw. English failed the hundred different shades of red she saw in flowers and in spices. She didn't know the names of trees she saw, of birds, or fruits. She couldn't find the names for things within the lexicon she was familiar with, there was no English word which could approximate what *hti* was, for example, the umbrella-like-shaped-thing-on-top-of the pagodas from which shivered tiny bells which trilled their silvery tintinnabulation on the wind throughout the night. Plain solid meaning seemed dissolved by ignorance and she rebelled: the English words for trousers, coats and skirts could not describe the fluid garments that she saw, but, then, neither could the words *sam foo* describe them in those first months, either. The street signs were transcribed in English—Merchant Street, Canal Street, Tiger Alley Road, King Edward Road, Judah Ezekiel Avenue—but the streets themselves bore traffic which was everything, but never English.

So Charlotte "goes native." She moves to a hut on stilts, adopts a sarong, and takes for her lover a seaman of mysterious origins named John Dollar. But she doesn't entirely give up her place among the English. She continues to teach their little girls, and when three boats full of English families set out for a jaunt to one of the Andaman Islands, planning to rename it in honor of King George's birthday, she agrees to come along.

This outing, which sets the stage for all the terrors that follow, provides the book's funniest moments. Even the participants' names are funny: The seven earnest Boy Scouts are named Edward, Edward, Charles, Charles, George, George, and Nigel. The servants (who in actuality bear such names as Ningyan and U Thet) are referred to as Sat, Sun, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, which leads to such odd locutions as "Three days of the week collected the soiled china." It's agreed that the English should be the first to set foot upon the island, but there are all those aubergines, Stilton cheeses, sponge cakes, and so on to be unloaded beforehand, so the servants disembark first but remain discreetly below the high-tide mark, sitting on their crates and smoking while they wait for the official landing party.

So we're lulled. We smile, we lean back. And then neatly, almost daintily, people begin to fall away. An earthquake, a tidal wave, a bloody attack upon one of the boats—and all at once the island's only visible inhabitants are eight little girls and John Dollar, who's been left paraplegic and comatose.

Surely it's no accident that all of Wiggins's castaways—all those who can function, at any rate—are girls, while all of William Golding's were boys. There is a distinct difference in the girls' approach to their situation. They're generally better at caretaking, although sometimes this disintegrates into elaborate, empty ritual; and they show little of the Golding characters' zest for the hunt or for territoriality. Ultimately, their behavior is far more shocking, although this may be less a matter of gender than of circumstances. (One particular scene they're forced to witness effectively drives them all insane.)

While the rescuer in *Lord of the Flies* was appalled that *British* children should have managed so poorly, the gradually awakening John Dollar seems disappointed precisely by that which is most British in his young companions—by their salvaging a box of tea, say, instead of something useful like rope or poles. (Although it could be argued that their femaleness is what he finds exasperating—their frivolity, their preference for constructing pretty necklaces rather than shelters. Or just their childishness; it's hard to say for sure.) Those who are less British than the others—a half-Indian girl, for instance—tend to fare better. In fact, there are moments when the book comes perilously close to sentimentalizing all that is "native"; it seems a bit too pat that the half-Indian girl is apparently the only one with a genuinely loving mother.

John Dollar is made up of crisp, firm, authoritative sentences, and the effect is one of great certitude. We can tell we're heading toward a definite goal—toward something dreadful, maybe even unbearable. But that's where Wiggins shows her skill. At the end of the book, when we're left feeling hammered and bruised by all that's happened, we start thinking about the start of the book, which offered us a glimpse of Charlotte and one of the castaways some 60 years after the events on the island. All at once that scene begins to make more sense; we turn back to read it once more. So the book is, finally, a circular experience, and oddly healing. When you set aside *John Dollar*, what hangs on is not the horror of the story but the pleasure in the way it was told, and an abiding respect for a next-to-impossible task most elegantly accomplished.

Postmodern Picaresque

BY SVEN BIRKERTS

Moon Palace by Paul Auster

(Viking, 286 pp., $18.95)

Paul Auster has been, until just now, the ghost at the banquet of contemporary American letters. Though unquestionably accomplished (in the last decade he has published a memoir, five novels, several collections of poetry, and a major compendium of modern French poetry, which he edited and partly translated), he has been curiously absent from the debates being waged at the far end of the table. There are reasons for this. For one thing, his work does not fit neatly into the currently active slots. While his prose has tended toward stylistic austerity, it has little in common with the water and wafer fare beloved of the minimalists. In the same way, Auster has narrowly escaped the "postmodernist" tag; for all his concern with the slipperiness of perception and identity, his writing has a solid modernist grounding. He has not given up on the idea that art can discover new meaning from experience.

This has really been the main cause of Auster's marginality: that he has favored the serious and "artistic"—the novel as epistemology—over the democratically accessible. His characters have been embodiments, players in philosophical puzzles (I'm thinking mainly of the three books of his *The New York Trilogy*), or test cases to be subjected to the pressure of extreme situations; his plots, coolly calculated. But now, quite suddenly, comes a change. *Moon Palace*, Auster's new novel, breaks the chrysalis of high seriousness and stretches out its colorful wings. And the retrospective gaze alters everything: we see that his career has been in fact a complex progress toward liberation.

Auster first announced himself with the publication of a two-part memoir titled *The Invention of Solitude* (1982). Section one, "Portrait of an Invisible Man,"

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begins with the author receiving word of his father's death. The prose, as Auster searches himself for his reactions, is remarkably matter-of-fact. Distant. As if the deeper turmoils of life could only be handled with the gloves of intellect. Auster himself is surprised by his response:

> I had always imagined that death would numb me, immobilize me with grief. But now that it had happened, I did not shed any tears, I did not feel as though the world had collapsed around me. . . . What disturbed me was something else, something unrelated to death or my response to it: the realization that my father had left no traces.

We then partake of the sustained excavation of the life—of the apparent *non*-life—of a man who was a stranger to himself. A man who hid from all emotion, all responsibility, who donned the proper masks of civility, who confided nothing, gave nothing. "Solitary. But not in the sense of being alone. . . . Solitary in the sense of retreat. In the sense of not having to see himself being seen by anyone else."

A coincidental encounter on an airplane (Auster is, throughout his work, a connoisseur of the serendipitous) eventually puts him on the track of the hidden horror in his family's past. He learns that 60 years before, in a small Wisconsin town, his grandmother shot her husband to death in their kitchen. His father, Sam, then a young boy, was present. The psychological clues begin to fall into place; the memoir becomes a kind of Freudian detective story. Auster steeps himself in ancient newspaper clippings, clarifying the web of circumstance for himself. Now all of the reticence, the blankness, that he remembers in his father can be explained. But explanation is cold comfort: a small compensation for a life with a man who gave nothing, and left nothing behind. Nothing, that is, but a permanent suspicion of appearances.

"The Book of Memory," the second section, is a collage of meditations, memories, and quotations. Auster reflects upon his solitude, and upon his situation as a husband and a father. The piece is not satisfying as a narrative—the fragments gather no momentum—but we come away with a clear sense of the psychic imperatives that drive the writer. We feel the desolation of his small rooms in New York and Paris, as well as the nullifying glare of the empty page. The author struggles to find an expression that will be his own. His last sentences are tense with the effort of bringing a truth up out of the self:

> He finds a fresh sheet of paper. He lays it out on the table before him and writes these words with his pen.
>
> It was. It will never be again. Remember.

Auster's next three books, *City of Glass*, *Ghosts*, and *The Locked Room*, known collectively as *The New York Trilogy*, can be seen as detached, intellectual explorations of some of the core themes of the memoir. Each of these short, elegant books turns on a search of some kind—all of them feature detectives, missing persons, mistaken identities. The moods are of watching and waiting. Personalities and human crochets have no place here. Indeed, Auster seems bent upon pruning the urban detective novel (he has written in the genre under a pseudonym) of all extraneous particulars, in order to reveal the underlying paradigm: that all existence is, at root, a stalking of clues to the self, and to the true relation of that self to everything that is Other.

The premises in these novels are resoundingly French. Auster has absorbed a great deal from the hypervigilant and ultimately self-reflexive practice of the French modernists. (He has translated Mallarmé, Blanchot, and others.) The narration of the search, carried out in the simplest translucent prose, invariably reflects back upon the process of writing itself. Time and again, the characters come to feel that they are being scripted by some higher authority; their ventures come to seem co-extensive with the movement of figments in an author's mind. Take, for instance, this passage from the climactic scene of *The Locked Room*. The narrator has just opened a notebook that he hopes will clarify something about his prolonged quest for a certain Fanshawe:

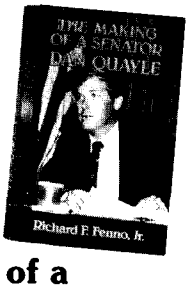
> I read steadily for almost an hour, flipping back and forth among the pages, trying to get a sense of what Fanshawe had written. If I say nothing about what I found there, it is because I understood very little. All the words were familiar to me, and yet they seemed to have been put together strangely, as though their final purpose was to cancel each other out. . . . Each sentence erased the sentence before it, each paragraph made the next paragraph impossible.

In some way, this response to the text is designed to mirror our response to the text that encloses it. The prose is thrilling in its reduced precision, its escalating sense of paradox, but it asks of the reader a powerful appetite for cerebration.

The problem with self-reflexive fictions is that they obey a law of diminishing returns. Unable to suspend his disbelief, the reader starts to find the revelations merely academic. Auster appears to have recognized this. In *In the Country of Last Things* (1987), he reasserted the traditional rights of the genre, exploring the "real" (here the word needs cautionary quotation marks) by

"I was very bored in the House. It's an awful job — especially being a Republican there. You can't get anything done."

—from



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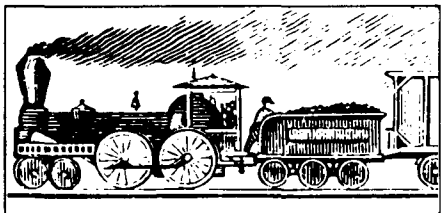

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way of the invented. This is not to say that Auster found his way back to naturalism—he's too much of a modernist for that—but he does allow us to forget that the story is the product of a superintending author.

In the Country of Last Things is a legend of post-apocalypse. A young woman named Anna Blume (the book is her letter to a friend) arrives by ship at a large, unnamed port city. Its location, as well as the historical period, remain unspecified. Her mission is to locate her missing brother. But as she discovers that she has journeyed into a nightmare, the search is suspended; survival becomes her sole imperative.

The city is a place of worst fears. All municipal order has broken down. Gangs terrorize and pillage; those who would eat are forced to spend the entire day scavenging. Before long, Anna is pushing her own scavenger cart:

> Little by little, my hauls became almost adequate. Odds and ends, of course, but a few totally unexpected things as well: a collapsible telescope with one cracked lens; a rubber Frankenstein mask; a bicycle wheel; a Cyrillic typewriter missing only five keys and the space bar; the passport of a man named Quinn . . . but there were certain lines I drew within myself, limits I refused to step beyond. Touching the dead, for example.

Anna does eventually cross all of her inner boundaries, and with each transgression she discovers that she is less bound by her "human" ways than she had thought. Auster's aim is to find what remains after Anna has been systematically divested of the accretions of civilization. What she arrives at, paradoxically—and exaltingly—is an ideal of charity. Beneath brutishness a flame of goodness can live. In our extremity, Auster suggests, something like grace may flourish.

It is almost as if the author needed to put himself through a winnowing process—cutting away at narrative, peeling away the fabric of learned behavior—before he could find a way to begin writing. I don't mean that the prose of these novels is lacking in artistry. But what riches are there on the page have been carefully accumulated. The augmentation comes sentence by sentence, and is the product of great discipline. *Moon Palace* breaks free of such constraint with its opening lines:

> It was the summer that men first walked on the moon. I was very young then, but I did not believe there would ever be a future. I wanted to live dangerously, to push myself as far as I could go, and then see what happened to me when I got there. As it turned out, I nearly did not make it. Little by little, I saw my money dwindle to zero; I wound up living in the streets.

The paragraph continues. But one does not need to quote at great length to show that a change has taken place in Auster's prose. The forward motion is now kinetic; the language feels inhabited from within, is self-propelling. Gone is the studious bricklaying, the sense of mind controlling hand.

In *Moon Palace* Auster sets out to write the fantastic destiny tale of Marco Stanley Fogg. In the manner of all good picaresques, Marco is presented as serious, noble-hearted, and (we might think of David Copperfield, Tom Jones, and Huck Finn) orphaned. Born illegitimate—he was never told about his father—Marco lost his mother in an accident while very young. He grew up in the care of his Uncle Victor. (We can compute, by the way, that Marco was born in 1947, the same year as Auster.) Victor is something of an eccentric, an itinerant clarinetist with a love of books and chess. He treats the boy to his theories and obsessions, making little allowance for his years. Marco—small wonder—grows up a solitary misfit.

Victor uses the insurance payments from his sister's accident to set up a small trust for the boy. He sends him away to boarding school, and later provides tuition to Columbia. When Marco is ready to move to New York, Victor insists that he pack along the dozens and dozens of boxes that contain his library. Marco obliges, though the first use he finds for the books is peculiar; he uses the boxes to build a table, chairs, and bed for himself.

Auster begins the novel with energy and inventiveness, building in layers of allusiveness. There is, for instance, the matter of Marco's name:

> Uncle Victor loved to concoct elaborate, nonsensical theories about things, and he never tired of expounding on the glories hidden in my name. Marco Stanley Fogg. According to him, it proved that travel was in my blood, that life would carry me to places where no man had ever been before. Marco, naturally enough, was for Marco Polo, the first European to visit China. Stanley was for the American journalist who had tracked down Dr. Livingston "in the heart of darkest Africa"; and Fogg was for Phileas, the man who had stormed around the globe in less than three months. It didn't matter that my mother had chosen Marco simply because she liked it, or that Stanley had been my grandfather's name, or that Fogg was a misnomer, the whim of some half-literate American functionary. Uncle Victor found meanings where no one else would have found them, and then, very deftly, he turned them into a form of clandestine support.

Not only will Marco fulfill the promise of his moniker, but he will also become, like his uncle, a man who finds meanings and coincidental flashes wherever he turns. Auster obviously loves to sport with the possibilities. The mention of the moon landing in the first sentence is a case in point: Marco's wanderings will be accompanied at every step by lunar symbols. The word "moon," the orb's painted image, and the orb itself are persistently recurrent in these pages. To what end? Perhaps just to place everything under the aspect of fancy and madness (lunacy). But Auster is also, to some extent, seeding the clouds to make sure that there will be rain. Though the references at times feel artificially planted, they help to promote an atmosphere of uncanniness that makes the myriad coincidences seem less impossible than common sense would judge.

Marco is studying at Columbia and living the fringe life of the late '60s when he learns that Uncle Victor has died. Soon after, compounding his grief, he discovers that his money is nearly gone—he will not be able to make his way through school as planned. Marco faces the problem with profound passivity. Little by little—reading them first—he sells off his uncle's books. When that money is gone, he starts to practice extraordinary economies, giving up one necessity after the next. He all but stops eating. Finally, inevitably, his landlord throws him out. But even when he reaches the street, Marco cannot take initiative. He can only react.

It is as if he must undergo this peculiar rite of passage—turning himself into a vagrant—before he can connect with his fate. Holderlin's lines are appropriate here: "Near, but hard to find, is the God / But where danger is, there the saving power grows." When Marco reaches the far extreme of destitution, everything changes. A beautiful young Chinese woman named Kitty Wu rescues him and becomes his lover. And very soon after, Marco answers a posted ad. The problem of making a living is solved as he signs on as amanuensis and scribe to a wealthy old cripple named Thomas Effing.

The first third of the book, which I have tried to summarize, is enormously compelling. We identify with Marco, share his confusions and pains. The voice is direct and winning. In addition, Auster is skillful in creating the ambience of the times: Marco's urban adventures are played against a backdrop of larger social malaise; change and violence are everywhere on these streets. Our hero is living, exaggeratedly, the life of his

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times. Alas, with the introduction of Effing comes a shift that weakens the strong surge of Marco's tale.

Effing wants Marco to write his obituary, as well as a lengthy essay that will explain his mysterious life to posterity. For months he retails his deeds and misdeeds: how he was once a promising painter, how he entangled himself in an unhappy marriage, how he traveled to the deserts of the West to paint. The story gets increasingly improbable. Effing is betrayed by his guide, left for dead; he engineers his own disappearance and returns under a new identity. The episodes are piled high. And Marco reports them all in faithful detail. The problem is, it has been Marco's book all along: *his* is the life that has won our attention, and he steps aside for too long. For the marvels of Effing's account come to us from a propped-up figure, and it gets harder and harder to care. Interestingly, Marco at one point makes an observation that inadvertently reflects upon Auster's own failing:

> The major turning points in Effing's life had all taken place in America, in the years before his departure for Utah and the accident in San Francisco, and once he arrived in Europe, the story became just another story. . . . Effing was aware of this, I felt, and though he didn't come out and say it directly, the manner of his telling began to change, to lose the precision and earnestness of the earlier's episodes.

A meta-fictional prescience is expressed here: Auster has, likewise, begun to lose the precision and earnestness of his earlier pages.

I am circumspect about describing the developments in the second part of *Moon Palace*, because the drama hinges upon a series of recognitions as outlandish as anything in Dickens. I will not spoil the reader's pleasure by discharging the central tensions. I will say only that a player even stranger than Effing makes his way onto the stage, and that the discoveries that Marco subsequently makes tie a knot of lineage so bizarre that he ends up poised between madness and enlightenment. In contriving his kinds of resolutions, Auster takes a risk: the novel that began among portents and promises ends up ominously close to campy self-parody. Too many coincidences overwhelm the ground of plausibility that meaningful coincidences require. While *Moon Palace* never entirely surrenders its charm—the writing is engaging throughout—its animating force slackens at the halfway mark.

One would like to herald Auster's breakthrough without reservations. He has a rare combination of talent, scope,

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Those "Moderate" Arab States

Should the U.S. sell them advanced weaponry?

Should we sell sophisticated armaments to the so-called "moderate" Arab countries? Recently, Saudi Arabia, usually considered the leader of the "moderate" Arabs, turned to Britain for the biggest arms contract ever. Many are concerned that the U.S. Congress, being reluctant to allow unlimited arms sales to the Arabs, is depriving the U.S. of lucrative business.

What are the facts?

■ The Arab states boast today one of the largest, most deadly and most sophisticated concentration of armament the world has ever seen, surpassed only (and not by all that much) by the arsenals of the two super-powers. And the buildup of arms continues incessantly—making one wonder how these essentially backward countries can possibly absorb and utilize all this weaponry. Excepting the oil-rich Gulf countries, most of these Arab states can fairly be described as economic basket cases, with social and demographic problems that seem almost unsolvable. Still, they dedicate a large share of their meager resources to the acquisition of ever more deadly and offensive weaponry, instead of putting them into the service of building their countries and uplifting their populations.

■ Saudi Arabia, the kingpin of the "moderates," is an immensely wealthy but sparsely populated country. It fields an army of only 72,000 men, but has 190 military planes and 550 tanks—just about the largest ratio of military hardware to military manpower in the world. Until recently, the fiction was maintained that it needed this enormous arsenal in order to defend itself against the "threat of Iran." But now that Iran is prostrate, this can no longer be alleged, and even the most naive no longer believe it. As King Khaled put it quite bluntly: "When we build our military power, we have no designs on anybody, except those who took away our land and the holy places in Jerusalem, and we know who they are!"

■ "Moderate" Saudi Arabia has participated in every war against Israel, from the birth of the state in 1948. It has never made peace with Israel. It is the principal paymaster of Syria, Israel's most fervent enemy, and of the PLO, which is sworn to the destruction of Israel. It is the main player in the worldwide Arab boycott of Israel, whose purpose is the destruction of Israel's economy. Yet, Saudi Arabia, already armed to the teeth and beyond, has just acquired batteries of super missiles from China. They can reach every point in Israel within minutes and can be armed with chemical and atomic warheads. And Saudi Arabia has squadrons of fighter planes at its air base in Tobuk, just one minute's flying time from Israel.

■ But Saudi Arabia's "defense" needs are insatiable. It has just concluded an arms deal with Great Britain amounting to $27 billion, the largest ever negotiated by that country. It includes at least 40 Tornado fighter planes, 80 Westland helicopters, a minimum of six Sundown minesweepers, the construction of two major air bases, and much more. It is an enormous package and has only one purpose: to be part of the coordinated force that, it is hoped, will eventually destroy Israel. The remarkable thing is that Britain will not sell any arms to Israel, because it feels that it could "destabilize the region."

■ But those bare statistics refer only to some of the so-called "moderates." Including the self-proclaimed non-moderates, tiny Israel, the size of New Jersey, with 90% of its population concentrated in an area the size of metropolitan Indianapolis, faces one of the most daunting and fearsome military machines the world has ever seen. Counting only Syria, Iraq, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Libya and Egypt, Israel faces 17,265 tanks, 2789 combat aircraft and 3 million armed men. And that is before the huge sale of military material by Britain, missile deals with the Chinese, and other weaponry in the pipeline.

The concept of the "moderate" Arab states is a myth. The Arabs are single-mindedly determined to destroy Israel. They are spending hundreds of billions of dollars in order to attain strategic superiority to Israel, and then to accomplish its destruction. Israel is the only viable strategic asset the United States has in the entire area. Those who sell weapons to Israel's enemies—foreign countries and American companies—are playing into the hands of America's enemies. We do not find the Soviet Union selling weapons to the enemies of *its* allies. Why should the United States be any less straightforward in its foreign policy? If Israel were vanquished, the Persian Gulf with its vital resources, the entire Middle East and the Mediterranean Basin would fall under the unquestioned dominion of the Soviet Union.

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and audacity. And in the beginning of this novel, when all of the elements are working in concert, the narrative achieves an irresistible propulsion. The diminution, therefore, a consequence of overreaching, is doubly disappointing. Still, there is the good news. Auster has served out an exciting apprenticeship. He stands poised to write something momentous about our times.

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A Doctor's Odyssey

BY ROBERT COLES

Balm in Gilead: Journey of a Healer by Sara Lawrence Lightfoot

(Addison-Wesley, 320 pp., $18.95)

Side by side, at the very beginning of her new book, Sara Lawrence Lightfoot, a sociologist and professor of education at Harvard, chooses to offer the reader more than a hint of what is to come—with words from a lamentation of Jeremiah and from an old Negro spiritual. Both make reference to "balm in Gilead," which is her book's title. (That balm was an ancient aromatic resin used for medicinal purposes in biblical times.) In a touching way, before a word of her own is offered the reader, the author connects the longtime suffering of the Jews and the blacks, and their similar search for healing. *Balm in Gilead* is about such healing; it is a personal portrait (a word the author favors in her teaching and research) of one of the world's first psychoanalytically trained black child psychiatrists, Margaret Lawrence, who also happens to be the mother of the author.

It is not rare for psychiatrists to have vivid memories of pain and suffering. Dr. Margaret Lawrence's life may take its place in that tradition. She grew up an only child in a family that E. Franklin Frazier would have firmly labeled a part of the "black bourgeoisie." Her father was an Episcopal minister, her mother a schoolteacher. An older brother, known as Candy Man, died at the age of one; and a picture of him, with his "white skin and blond curls," haunted his family: "Each time they moved, Candy Man's picture would be hung in the central spot in the living room over the couch." Eventually his darker-skinned younger sister would connect her medical aspirations and her interest in children to that tragedy—a resolve to struggle on behalf of others like Candy Man, and a desire to help those who have lost children, and, so doing, have lost themselves beyond the power of time and talk and tears to heal. Hence the need of Gilead's special substance, the equivalent in this modern day of a career in pediatrics and psychiatry.

Sara Lightfoot is an exceedingly graceful narrative writer, and this is a delightfully affectionate rendering of a woman of great personal poise and professional achievement. But no effort is made to spare the reader the most demanding possible moments—a tough, candid analysis of what has happened to black people who have tried to better themselves during the 20th century. Lawrence grew up with "painful memories of family struggles." Her mother was subject to prolonged spells of melancholy. For days she withdrew to her room. The girl's father was a minister who moved the family from town to town—eventually to Vicksburg, Mississippi, where a certain stability descended upon this threesome. But always there was the fear and the anxiety that went with being black in the rural South during the 1920s and 1930s. Lawrence, reminiscing for her daughter, reminds us of our country's recent past: "I can remember walking back from town with my mother on Jackson Street near First North [in Vicksburg]. Suddenly she [her mother] grabbed me and shoved me off the sidewalk and onto the grass because a white man was approaching from the other direction. She was frightened of staying on the sidewalk."

Even more confusing and degrading, perhaps, was an intense color consciousness among black people—a constant kind of self-scrutiny based on the degree to which one did or did not resemble white people. The pride and the arrogance of light-skinned blacks, and the disdain they showed others who were darker, has been noted by any number of writers and social scientists. This book conveys the sad consequences of our nation's prolonged racial strife in an especially gripping manner: through the recalled experiences, the stories, of one family as they have been relayed from mother to daughter, and now to us. As I read these accounts of self-hatred, I remembered the words of a black woman in Georgia who had no education at all, yet knew enough to tell my wife that "as bad as the whites are with us, we're worse with each other." When my wife asked why it is that victims become their own persecutors, the 30-year-old scrubwoman and mother answered tersely: "You be scared, you copycat the ones who scare you, and try to do them one better, and that way you can catch a taste of the boss man's life!" The subtleties of such a psychological inclination are each family's secret, of course, as the future psychoanalyst Margaret Lawrence well knew by the time she ventured north (at only 14) to fulfill her dream of becoming a physician.

Even as we know the facts of Southern segregation—it was a caste system that obtained for generations and only began to end a quarter century ago—we also know that the North for a long time was only a relatively better place for black people. The chapters that tell of Lawrence's situation as "the only black undergraduate on the arts and sciences campus" of Cornell, of her similar experience as a medical student at Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons, and of her lonely, tense, even tearful time as the sole black psychoanalytic candidate at one of New York City's institutes provide a devastating glimpse of an aspect of upper-class intellectual life that all too frequently goes unnoticed. "I listen, disbelieving," Lightfoot remarks, as she compares her mother's "solitary arrival at Cornell in the fall of 1932" with her own Swarthmore life of three decades later.

The great virtue of this book is its preference for storytelling rather than abstract argument or theoretical assertion. The reader is enraged, surely, at the injustices that took place in Ithaca or New York City, in those high-and-mighty university settings. But he or she is also immersed in the details of particular incidents, and so, soon enough, made to feel as Margaret Lawrence did, utterly and arbitrarily and relentlessly wronged. Put differently, before we learn that the Cornell student Margaret Lawrence could not even live on campus ("No blacks were allowed in the dormitory, of course"), we hear her asking, upon arrival at the Ithaca train station, "My Lord, where is this?" We also see her: "Margaret was wearing a suit that had been made for the occasion by her mother's seamstress in Vicksburg: steel gray, with shoulder pads and a fitted waist. She carried a black purse, with matching shoes,

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but did not wear the gray gloves that would have completed the outfit. Her thick black braids, gleaming almost blue in the bright afternoon sun, were wrapped into buns on either side of her head, a concession to the adult image she was trying out."

At moments the author-daughter finds it hard to comprehend the responses of her mother, who is also the "subject" of her presentation. She has just been told by Lawrence that "if I walked across the campus, people would stop talking, turn their heads, and ask 'Who is that?'" She has also been told this:

> One Sunday a white woman from one of the local churches invited Margaret to come and speak about her experiences in Mississippi. The Vicksburg girl responded with style and grace as she told the Ithaca folks about her life in the Deep South. We can only imagine it was not the exotic tale or the rags-to-riches story that they had anticipated. Perhaps disappointed by the girl's sophistication, or perhaps unknowingly resenting it, the woman who had invited Margaret approached her after her talk. Her smile was sugary sweet as she took Margaret's hand. "I am so pleased you came," she gushed thankfully. Then, without skipping a beat: "You remind me so much of a maid I had. The only problem she had was that she would steal."

Such a memory is told "with lightness and humor"—and the author remarks upon her "shock and anger at the humiliation that my mother does not seem to be feeling."

The reader begins to realize that Lawrence's life was constantly visited with outrages, small and large. She was rejected by Cornell Medical School for no reason but her race. She became an excellent medical student, but for similar reasons was turned down for a pediatric residency at New York's Babies Hospital. Even her psychiatric and psychoanalytic training was marred by rebuffs, insults, brush-offs. Black patients were remanded for "supportive therapy," she heard, "because they can't use anything deeper." Similarly with black doctors interested in psychiatry and psychoanalysis. This book presents a discouraging yet revealing glimpse of a little known matter—the condescensions and worse, the outright racism that blacks experienced in the course of their postgraduate medical and psychiatric education. Just before her certificate of psychoanalytic training was to be awarded, Dr. Lawrence was suddenly told she needed a further evaluation. She had dared express reservations about the ways some of her psychoanalytic teachers regarded black people—their problems and burdens. She had dared have misgivings about Abram Kardiner's *The Mark Of Oppression*, a book that many social scientists, black and white alike, have come to regard as inadequate in its portrayal of black life in America—all too preoccupied with psychopathology.

She is still, obviously, offended by such past memories: even today "for Margaret, the feeling of being in the elevator of the Columbia Presbyterian Hospital opens up the old wound of self-consciousness." Yet she never really wavered. She had acquired a necessary forbearance and a determination to prevail. She married a strong, decent, bright, and able man, Charles Lawrence, a sociologist. She became a distinguished clinician, researcher, educator, writer. She worked for years in Harlem with troubled children, and with the distinguished psychologists Kenneth and Mamie Phipps Clark tried to help hard-pressed parents to do better by their sons and daughters. In a sense, she was redeeming her own childhood difficulties—doing an about-face on her mother's legacy of dejection and episodic withdrawal from life. In her interviews with her daughter, she comes across as her own mother's opposite, as a lively, outgoing, delightfully engaging person and doctor. Most of all, Margaret Lawrence's career has been in the pastoral tradition of doctoring—years and years spent with her patients, black and white, adults and children, the well-to-do and the poor.

I first heard of Margaret Lawrence from a number of civil rights activists whom she had taught or treated. I heard of her, too, from her white colleagues, who by the 1960s were beginning to make her concerns theirs. This book, in that regard, is especially interesting for the complex professional issues it raises. During her psychiatric and psychoanalytic training a talented, energetic, empathic, and resourceful trainee learned to keep silent about certain matters dear to her, to wait until she graduated. In a fascinating comment, Lightfoot tells this about her mother's way of holding on to her religious convictions during a trying period: "Her faith endured even the inhospitable environment of the Psychoanalytic Clinic. Throughout her analytic training, she simply kept her contrary theology quiet, continued to go to church every Sunday at St. Martin's in Harlem, continued to 'be in touch with the Spirit,' and continued to rehearse the words of her father's favorite psalm, 'The Lord is my light and salvation.'" Such quiet spells have not only been the habit of black candidates of religious sensibility in psychiatric or psychoanalytic training, as any number of us will testify. There can be an unfortunately

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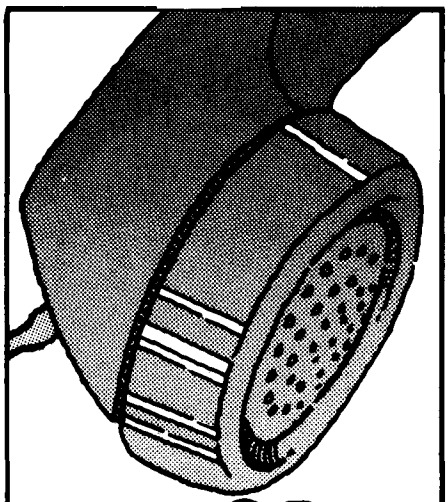

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ideological quality to such training; vulnerable young doctors learn to keep their mouths shut with respect to certain matters, to bide their time.

Balm in Gilead is a daughter's loving witness to a mother's important healing life. Margaret Lawrence is obviously Sara Lightfoot's heroine—and black or white, we need such heroines. But *Balm in Gilead* is something else, too: an attempt to demonstrate by example what a humane and clear-headed kind of social science might offer us, were it more a presence in our social and intellectual life.

CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 6*

sports writers ("Out of Bounds," February 20)? You state that the John Thompson episode gave "the nation's sportswriters a chance to opine on a complex public policy issue. The result was a reminder of why society generally confines sports writers to the sports page." The elitism of this sentiment is exceeded only by its ignorance. Leaving aside the numerous major figures in American letters who wrote about sports (Ring Lardner, Ernest Hemingway) or the many sports journalists who have penned outstanding literary achievements (Red Smith, Roger Angell), such a jab reveals a knowledge gap about a great deal of superior material on college athletics by sports columnists around the country, before and since the Thompson protest. A dilettantish reading of recent *Washington Post* sports sections does not provide an adequate survey of the profession.

WILLIAM C. BODIE
New York, New York

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TRB *continued from page 4*

approved Betty Ford Clinic manner. Tower's amazing pledge to swear off what, in a phrase worthy of W. C. Fields, he called "beverage alcohol" (a category that may or may not include hair tonic and fuel additives) had the content of penance but not the form. Its tone recalled an earlier, equally Fieldsian remark of the nominee's: "I am a man of some discipline."

The lechery is by all accounts crude—Tower is apparently a one-man Shriners' convention, for whom chasing skirt is not a mere metaphor—but, again, its relevance to the job has not been demonstrated. And the sleaze, alas, was within the rules as well as the law. For Tower to make a quick million peddling real or ersatz inside dope to defense contractors was deplorable (even if it wasn't much compared with James Baker's running up the value of his bank stocks by making pro-bank decisions as secretary of the treasury). The remedy, however, is to change the old rules, not to punish Tower for breaking not-yet-written ones.

Like the rest of the audience at the Press Club, I didn't pay much attention to Tower's prepared speech, but a few days later, out of curiosity, I got hold of a copy. It turned out to have been a speech that might as easily have been given by a defense secretary in a Dukakis administration. The emphasis was on cuts ("significant and painful cuts," "cuts that will create a storm of debate both inside and outside the Pentagon"), on saying no ("a word that must slip easily off the secretary's tongue"), and on procurement reform. "Major and expensive systems will not survive"—that sort of thing.

Only words, perhaps, but the right words; and if President Bush is serious about shaking up the Pentagon, Tower might have been just the man to do it. He knew the field and the players better than any previous nominee to the post. He had lined up a loyal, cohesive, experienced team of prospective service secretaries to help him. And the fact that he had spent the preceding quarter century shoveling cash into the maw of the military-industrial complex had left him ideally positioned, politically and substantively, to tame it.

Still, the Tower nomination was a close call on the merits, and I might have felt differently if, like the senators who lined up against the nominee, I had read the fabled FBI report. It's hard to feel all that sorry about seeing Tower go, and there is ample comfort in contemplating some of the side effects of his probable defeat. The coalition of Republicans and Southerners that has stymied every kind of reform since the end of the New Deal, except during Lyndon Johnson's first two years, has been fractured. Sam Nunn has got his halo dented, he has learned that he is a Democrat, and he has had the illuminating experience of coming under sustained attack from the right. And the ayatollahs of the Senate's "family values" caucus, having spent a week or more defending libertinism, substance abuse, and privacy, have been taught a hard lesson in tolerance. I'll drink to that, and John Tower is welcome to join me.

HENDRIK HERTZBERG

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Petracide

THE JOKE AROUND TOWN IS THAT "D.C." these days stands not for District of Columbia but for Dodge City. Washington's soaring homicide rate, now about two per day, has given it the distinction of being the per capita murder capital of the nation. We're not having a crime wave, but a drug war (the real thing, not the government posturing that usually goes by that name). Most of the dead are apparently victims of turf wars, though the middle class too is beginning to abandon the streets, perhaps out of fear of being caught in AK-47 cross fire. Predictably, there is plenty of finger-pointing going on, including the charge that if such carnage were occurring in a whiter city than Washington (which is two-thirds black), something more would have been done by now to stop it.

THERE MAY BE SOMETHING TO this. Certainly, Washington will never cash in on its murders the way other American cities have, and the reason probably is that almost all of its shooting criminals are black. Chicago and New York have been dining out on their municipal carnage for decades, basking in Prohibition pulp and Mafia melodramas. They've been joined in recent years by Miami and Los Angeles, with their drug kingpin and street gang movies and TV shows. These celebrations of American brigandage usually have a strong ethnic flavor. The period pieces often feature Italians, and lately Jews as well, making their way through, or around, a system that would like to keep them in their place. The modern-dress stories—"Miami Vice," the movies *Colors* and *Scarface*—are concentrating on Hispanic gangsters, and, as disagreeable as it may be to say so, this is actually a positive sign for Hispanics; it suggests that a mass audience is willing to cheer on these fantasy criminals as they attempt to shoot their way to glamorous success. There's no mass audience willing to do the same for fantasy black brigands. True, the 1970s saw an explosion of gold-bedecked black gangsters in numerous "blaxploitation" movies. A black director-producer discovered the genre, and then came a slew of white-produced imitations. But all along these were intended for a black audience. How many of these films did you thrill to, white man?

"MUSLIM EXTREMISTS," THE LAST people in the world to take Western literature seriously, are now unhappy with Dante. A group calling itself "The Guardians of the Revolution," noting that in *The Inferno* Muhammad inhabits a pit near the bottom of Hell, has (I'm not making this up) threatened to blow up Dante's tomb in Ravenna. The mayor there has received a letter ordering him to dissociate himself from the work, and to declare that "Dante lied and that these verses can no longer be read or studied." The Guardians have somewhat overestimated the role played by Ravenna's otherwise estimable mayor in the West's literary establishment, though their effort to open a new line of deconstructionist criticism, at this post-de Man stage in its development, is not without interest.

ACTUALLY, THE DESTRUCTION OF a much-beloved edifice is a deed very much in need of a name. Such destruction happens all the time, and people who recognize the loss can only sputter about it and call it a "shame" or an "outrage" or something of that sort. These accusations are vague and leave no impact, rolling off the destroyers' backs. Something is needed that will stick and, if possible, injure. There's nothing like an ugly charge; ask that womanizer John Tower.

HOW ABOUT "PETRACIDE"? THIS is not my neologism, and I don't know who made it up. However, despite its highfalutin Latin quality (you know: "L. *petra*, a rock"), it's a start; the more it is applied to outrageous actions, the uglier a charge it will become. Let's try it: The wholly pointless destruction of Monte Cassino by U.S. forces during World War II was much more than merely a shame; it was petracide. The harm done to Angkor Wat, the wholesale destruction wrought by the lunatics of China's Cultural Revolution, the ruining of Tyre's recently excavated Roman necropolis by Lebanon's loot-seeking guerrillas—first-degree petracides (is this working?), all of them. Probably the greatest utility of such a sharpening word will come not in describing acts of war or civil upheaval, where it has to compete with formidable alternatives such as "slaughter," but in categorizing the everyday destruction that results from garden-variety real estate development. In Washington, for example, there has been so much developer petracide in recent years that we stand on the verge of urbicide. But one neologism per week is probably enough.

THIS IS WHERE THE GUARDIANS of the Revolution erred in their anti-Dante strategy. What they need to do is incorporate as Guardian Development, note the depressed state of affairs in the region, and announce their desire to "redevelop" Dante's tomb despite the certain financial risks involved. Because their proposal will create jobs for hod-pushers and raise the local tax base, local politicians and neighboring property owners will quickly recognize its merit. Chances are the Guardians will soon become respected members of the community.

SO HOW'S YOUR HEADACHE? YOU have one, you know; everybody in the country seems to have one. A Great American Hangover appears to be pounding in our temples, and like a man rising groggily from a night of spinning ceilings, we are in the process of swearing off everything. No more alcohol or tobacco, especially not for our public servants. No more women. No more suggestive comedy, at least not on broadcast TV; Fox Television's "Married With Children" is suffering advertiser boycotts because of it. No more expensive German cars, either; their sales have dipped. No more lavish materialism at all; according to some reports, people are saving their salaries. From now on, American culture is one that will reward asceticism, at least for the next few minutes.

NOTHING IN MODERATION HAS been our unofficial motto for a long time, with libertine and puritan subcultures leapfrogging each other to set the tone for an unstable mainstream. If nobody expects to stamp out all vices, major or minor, it seems nonetheless to be our cyclical puritan conceit to try. The desirability of tolerating small vices so as to avoid worse ones never seems to come up, one reason why other cultures—those that have shrugged off their own utopian conceits, and those who never had any—scratch their heads at us. Let them scratch. This unmemoried utopianism, determinedly undisappointed, is exactly what both the American puritans and the American libertines have in common: whether by repressing behavior or loosening it, they seek to get to another, presumably better stage of development. If in fact the next stage turns out to be a lot like the last one, never mind. It may be a cultural merry-go-round, but it's ours.

CHARLES PAUL FREUND

Charles Paul Freund, former author of TNR's Zeitgeist Checklist, is now with the *Washington Post*.

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